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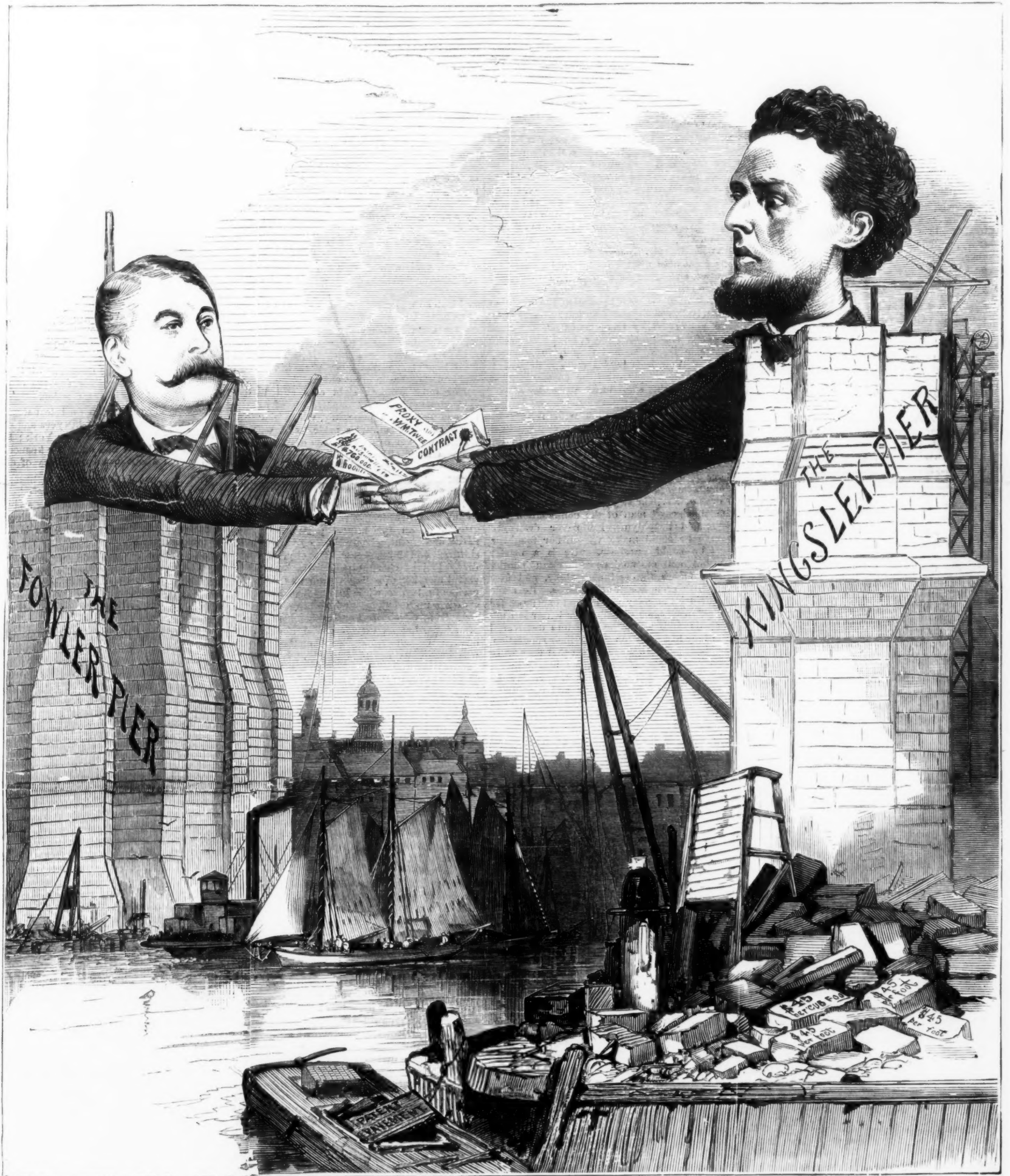
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

HOW KINGSLEY AND FOWLER AMUSED THEMSELVES IN SPENDING THE MONEY FOR BRIDGING THE EAST RIVER.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1873.

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JEFFERSON AND GRANT.

ALMOST with as much pain as pleasure, thoughtful minds will read Mr. James Parton's admirable article upon the Presidential election of 1860, in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is a description of the ideas, the purposes, the character of Thomas Jefferson, and no severer satire upon the present Administration could be written than this simple record of facts. The comparison it suggests is tremendous. There is no doubt but that Jefferson's genius and patriotism confirmed the destiny of the Republic, and made the Democratic principle supreme in the Government. His election overthrew the theories of the Federalists, and began that long triumph of the Democratic Party, which for nearly fifty years was "the soldier of liberty" on this continent. His friends were the people, and his enemies were every man and measure that threatened to invade their rights. He had ideas and convictions, which he never hesitated to express. He never sought power or popularity by toadying to wealth or position, but, on the contrary, risked both by maintaining his independence. "I have sworn upon the altar of God," he said, "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." He believed fully in the capacity of the people to govern themselves, and in his inaugural address declared this Government to be the strongest on earth, because it is "the only one where every man at the call of the laws would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet the invasions of the public order as his own personal concern." It is, in other words, strong, not as the superior of the people, but as their servant.

This was the man, these were the principles, seventy years ago, and it is humiliating to acknowledge that while the country has advanced in all other respects, in the character of its government it has declined. The high moral tone which Mr. Lincoln preserved in his Administration throughout all its emergencies, vanished with the advent of Grant. We know precisely what are the merits of this Administration, and would not be guilty of the cruelty of making them smaller than they are. Our wish, indeed, would be to magnify their size, for, surely, no American can be satisfied with their number. The Administration of Grant is strong and compact; it collects the revenues; it is highly respectable; its chiefs and their retainers are rich and prosperous, and it is, no doubt, earnest in its determination to make the United States, as a nation, more powerful than they have ever been. It is ready to annex Mexico, and Canada, and Cuba, and would as soon fight with England as make a treaty with her, if it thought war would be more advantageous than peace. These are some of its merits, but they may also be catalogued among its faults. The strength which would repel a foreign foe, might also be used to abridge domestic rights; with the collection of the revenue must also be considered a distribution which is notoriously not economical, and, to an unknown degree, it is feared, not honest. The spectacle of public servants getting rich in office was never before exhibited upon as grand a scale. It is a wealthy but corrupted Administration, and this is shown by the prompt pardon the President has extended to men convicted of election frauds, and the compromises he has made with men who have defrauded the revenue of millions. The first of these offenses is the greatest crime that can be committed against the State; we are rich enough to forgive the robber of our money, but a republic can never permit the purity of the ballot-box to be invaded, without risking its own existence. Yet, last year, unpunished swindling at the polls swept the country like an epidemic. We do not think that all the powers on earth would have constrained Jefferson to pardon a repeater, any more than we believe that even poverty would have persuaded him to sign a Bill raising his own salary. Yet the President has done both, and it is in such acts, as well as in such outrages as the Louisiana interference or the wretched Kickapoo pretext, that the low moral tone of this Administration is exhibited. It has no high principles, no spirit which can extort admiration or inspire enthusiasm; its very virtues belong to the smug, self-complacent, shoddy class, and the principal object of its members seems to be to hold power and to acquire wealth. In the days of Jefferson the offices were little enough, but the men were great. The relative proportions are reversed now. All the national depart-

ments have vastly increased, but the pyramids are crowded by pygmies. Free thought is not wanted in the Republican Party, as it is today, and it is not a President who last Fall marshaled all the office-holders in America as his personal bodyguard and army who could say with Jefferson, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

TWO BROOKLYN POLITICIANS.

THERE are two men, active and powerful in Brooklyn politics, to whom a great deal of attention has lately been directed, but whose characters are by no means fully understood. If we were to judge by superficial appearances, we should say that they are at present resting under the cloud of failure. But that would be largely a mistake. They are, in reality, still very powerful, and much more so than their rivals or their opponents like to acknowledge. These leaders are Messrs. William C. Kingsley, late Superintendent of the East River Bridge, and William A. Fowler, late President, and present surviving member of the Brooklyn Water Board, now known as the Brooklyn Board of Public Works. These men are the controlling spirits of the Democratic Party; and though they have long maintained that position, and have worked together with marvelous efficiency and harmony, they are extremely unlike. Mr. Kingsley is large; Mr. Fowler, small. The first is grave, of moderate speech, and of unassuming manner; the second is jaunty, voluble and elaborate. Mr. Kingsley is argumentative and plausible; Mr. Fowler is plausible, but eager to drive rather than persuade. The former is shrewd, of powerful will, of great courage, and of comprehensive mental grasp. The latter is quick, inventive, shifty, and persistent. Mr. Fowler is vain, and sometimes insolent; he cherishes a low estimate of human nature, and does not care to conceal it—in fact, takes a certain cynical pride in showing it. Mr. Kingsley seldom offends any one, influences most with whom he comes in contact, and never fails to present the fairest side to observation.

Both of these men believe in the abolition of party ties in the common pursuit of money and power. They have organized the most powerful combination ever known in public affairs in Brooklyn, and they have not only selected their instruments from both parties, but they have compelled the co-operation of men in each, who have authority among their associates. Mr. Fowler's history in politics, if it could be written without concealment, would show many unsuspected passages involving men of wealth and standing in the Republican Party in the past; and we would not like to undertake to prove that he is not more powerful than either or both of his Republican associates in the present Board of Works. Mr. Kingsley was for many years the "business" man of the combination that controlled Brooklyn. He never destroyed a man he could make useful, nor fought a man he could purchase. He is a master of that art of modern American politics which makes the end everything, and uses very little scruple as to the means. He made the Bridge Company pay him an enormous fee for services, some of which are better left undefined; and, when the directors discovered that they had gone too far for their reputation, his grasp on them was so tight that they were willing to supply him with the money to refund \$50,000 of the amount. To-day he controls the Bridge, literally and absolutely. How varied and extended is the power he can bring to bear in its management is to be seen from the names of the men who are willing to take seats in the direction from his hand—such men as Tracey, late Federal dictator in Brooklyn politics; Goodrich, the Liberal Republican leader, Stranahan, the veteran of the Park's Commission, and J. P. Robinson, who stands for the respectability, pure and simple, of Brooklyn Heights. And these men Mr. Kingsley honors with office by means of the proxies of Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly and Smith. The conjunction of names is suggestive.

In point of fact, Fowler and Kingsley, active partners and disciples, in some sense, of the New York Ring leaders, have managed, with astonishing adroitness, to avoid any similar fate. Their principal source of power lies in their ability to make their plans acceptable to men with reputations. How they have done it is not in all cases definitely known. If it were publicly known in some notable cases, the men with reputations might lose that respectability which has given them their greatest value to Messrs. Kingsley and Fowler.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

ONE good result comes out of the movement which last year led many of the foremost Republican newspapers of the United States to sever their connection with the Republican Party, and to become independent journals. Their subscribers read fewer lines of biased political discussion, and a greater amount of intelligence. What Parton spasmodically calls "the campaign lie" ceases to affect the masses, and what the late Mr. Bennett conceived to be news becomes a more important element in journalism. We daily discover that the people more and more desire news rather than opinions. And while this popular de-

mand is influencing purveyors of news, we do not believe that the time has yet come when independent journals can wisely array themselves on the side of any nominal political party. The organs of partisan Republicanism are decreasing in number, and the organs of the Democratic Party of the past are not rapidly increasing. Neither the Democratic Party of the future nor its organs, if such there are to be, have yet found principles of organization. A great majority of the people of the United States are unwilling to say that three years hence the party of their choice will be called either Democratic or Republican. They demand only honesty and wisdom. They will welcome a purified Republican Party, or a Democratic Party founded upon definite popular principles; but it is in nowise certain that they will find either the one or the other. And so, until parties become popularly organized, without doubt of their continued existence, it becomes the business of independent journals like FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to give the news, to elevate the popular taste, to supply literary entertainment, and to criticize the action of politicians who obtain money and party victory at the expense of their constituents.

FOOLISH IMMIGRANTS.

SEVEN THOUSAND immigrants landed at Castle Garden last week, the greater number of whom remained in this city, in the vain hope of obtaining employment. The result will be that the money they may have brought with them will soon be expended, and that they will become paupers, open to all the demoralizing influences of destitution.

When it is remembered that the true wealth of the world is Labor—Gold itself merely representing it—how mournful is it to see the enormous waste of this precious commodity. By a strange contradiction, this waste happens more frequently in a young, unfurnished country like our own than in any other.

Our growing pauperism, and the high price of food, coal, etc., now constantly increasing, are entirely owing to this wasted labor, which from want of being distributed becomes an evil instead of a blessing—a pestilent manure-heap instead of a fertilizing agent.

In a country like ours, with its millions of uncultivated acres, and where there is so great a want of agricultural labor, it is of the utmost importance that labor shall not be suffered to stagnate in great cities.

Nor must we lose sight of a still higher consideration, the vast importance of raising up and training a peasantry, which the poet justly calls "a country's pride," and without which we never could have won our independence. Great cities are too frequently the grave of freedom, and more calculated to produce the despot and the demagogue than the patriot.

Thus, in every aspect, it is the duty of a Republican Government to encourage the growth of an agricultural population. The hardy immigrant, who gradually grows brutal, shiftless and intemperate in a city, and the ready tool of corrupt politicians, becomes a useful member of society when away from the perils of a tavern, while his children, instead of growing up criminals and rowdies, form the class from which spring our Lincolns and our Searsons. Let us, therefore, see if our civilization cannot frame some method which will enable us not only to say, "Go West," but will also put the advice into a helping and practical shape.

PRIZE CUPS.

THIS being the season for yachting and boat-racing, it is likewise the season when the manufacturing jeweler devotes his energies to the creation of prizes. It is perfectly well understood that no yacht-race can take place unless a cup is offered as a prize to the winner. The cup must be made of silver or gold, and hence the jeweler finds yacht-races exceedingly profitable to him. Indeed, it is the general impression of certain firms engaged in the business that yachts exist solely that prizes may be ordered, and that every new yacht is a providential blessing designed expressly for the benefit of manufacturing jewelers.

It is a remarkable fact that the yachtsmen and the jewelers are alike incompetent to devise any other form of prize than the inevitable cup. It is true that a few yachtsmen of sporadic originality have, from time to time, ventured upon offering bowls instead of cups to the emulation of their fellows, but after all, the bowl is simply a fully developed cup, a little larger and a little more useless than its original. The cup is the object for which yachts are expected to race, and which rewards the successful yachtsman. Who first originated the idea that a man could not own a yacht without immediately becoming the victim of an inordinate thirst for cups, it is impossible to say. The fact, however, remains, that the typical yachtsman is a prey to a wild desire for cups, and that when he has once gained them, he is made wretched by the consciousness that he can put them to no possible use.

The prize-cup is altogether too grand and imposing to be devoted to the base uses of claret or beer. It is a hollow mockery, so far as its pretense of being able to hold anything is concerned, inasmuch as it is afflicted with such instability of foot that it would inevitably

upset were it weighted with a burden of any sort of liquid. Of course, it cannot be sold or pawned, and its actual intrinsic value becomes practically nothing. It must be kept on perpetual exhibition, both as a proof of its winner's success and an evidence that he has not passed it through the melting-pot. Naturally, it is coveted by persons of a burglarious turn of mind, who are ever on the watch to steal it, and who thus compel its unhappy owner to take especial precautions against robbery. The peace of mind of many a family has been wrecked by the presence in the house of a prize-cup. The wife has been kept awake at night listening for the footsteps of the expected thieves. The husband has been subjected to conjugal sneers on account of his supposed cowardice in refusing to leave his bed at midnight and vainly pursue imaginary thieves through dark passages, and to fall over aggravating furniture in dark rooms; or else he has achieved colds in the head by listening to his wife's request. When its absolute uselessness, and when the train of evils which flows from its possession, are considered, it is an unfathomable mystery why a yachting mind is so inexorably bent upon the preposterous prize-cup.

What should be substituted in its place is a question which yachtsmen ought to consider and decide for themselves. It is quite certain that nothing more unsuited to the purpose than is the cup could be well selected. If something could be devised analogous to the medal of the decorated soldier, and which could be worn by the successful yacht, the real purpose of a yachting prize would be fully met. As it is, the condition of that yachtsman who has won a dozen cups, which he cannot throw away, and which are a perpetual anxiety to him, is decidedly worse than that of the owner of a slow boat which has never won, and is never expected to win, any race for which a prize is offered.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

SPEAKER BLAINE has not purchased an interest in the *Washington Chronicle*, as was reported.

The *Washington Chronicle* thinks that the Grangers of the West are getting into the Democratic Party.

It is likely that since Apollo Hall Democrats in New York City want to join Tammany Hall, the fusion will be made; and if it be, the regular Democracy will carry the city by a majority of 50,000 in any election.

HORACE F. CLARK, who died last week, was one of the most eloquent lawyers and skillful Democratic politicians in New York; but he early resigned law and office for finance. He died worth about twenty millions of dollars.

THE National Rifle Association has opened its practicing field of Creedmoor—the Wimbledon of America—on Long Island; and, thanks to the perseverance of its officers, the Association promises to become an institution of practical benefit.

SOME of the Wisconsin papers say that General Grant, while recently in that State was in another state—of drunkenness. We shall await the opinion of Chittenden, of the *Milwaukee Journal of Commerce*, on this subject before believing the rumor.

THE Board of Health of New York has become alarmed by threats of an epidemic, and has taken steps to rid the city of some of its worst pests. The filthy cellars in Cherry Street have been emptied of their occupants and filth; but we hope the health broom will sweep as clean when it has become old as it does while it is new.

At a Democratic convention in Ohio, last week, it was resolved, in substance, that politicians make money out of the people, that the people must overthrow the politicians, that the cause and effect of this state of affairs is centralization, and that any Congressman who did not return his back-pay is doomed. The sagacious *Sin* sees in these resolutions a genuine and sensible new departure.

THE Custom House party in New York is actually dead. Murphy is not so much as heard of. Little Davenport, the adventurer, is smothered beneath his own imbecile failures. A few of the others have fat places, out of which they will make money. But their political influence is gone. We predict, with reason, that at the first city election the Democrats will gain victory.

THE World is so honest a newspaper, that we are not disposed to carp at, but rather to admire, the consistency and valor with which it fights for Democracy. But *apropos* of its leading articles of last week, it seems that the best testimony one can have of the futility of doing much in the political line until the political elements are ready, is the fact that the mass of Democrats are irresponsive to its hearty appeals.

THE New York Nation is a journal of political philosophy. Yet, in one number it criticizes the Grangers of the West for wishing to overturn the laws; and in another number it tries to show that the law under which Messrs. Phelps, Dodge & Co. suffered for evasion of duties is monstrous. The fact is, that the law under which that firm unjustly lost money is a humbug and a medium of extortion, and that it is just such laws that the Grangers and all honest men seek to overturn.



SMITH again becomes an object of criticism. But it is not now either of the political Smiths of New York, nor the truly good Deacon of Cincinnati, nor one of the Assemblymen of the State. It is Smith of Chicago, and the Chicago Tribune, who is blessed by some of the Western journals as the founder and dumb-founder of the Chicago Jubilee. The bright Milwaukee Journal of Commerce, in particular, gives it to Smith. Is he the ogre he is called; and if not, why should Milwaukee sharpen its journalistic lancet upon Smith?

DURING the past two or three years the rumor has from time to time come to us that important documents in the War Department of the Government have been missing; and now we learn that the deficiency is a very great one. It is reasonably presumed that many papers relating to the soldier element of the Rebellion have been destroyed. Stanton was a man of powerful intellect, a strong critic of men's actions, and he probably preserved everything of importance that came to him. How many brilliant reputations would be ruined if the destroyed secrets were known! And it is possible that if they were known, the present Administration would not be in power. Where were the cart-loads of documents taken?

It is well known that the most risky sort of fraud is that of trying to bring foreign goods into port at an undervaluation, for the sake of avoiding heavy duties. The reason why so many importers are detected in this method of free trade is that informers, the prosecuting attorney, and the naval officer and collector of the port receive a large share of the high fines imposed. Greed stimulates activity in those officials. The Government does not make much by the detection or the fines; and it is surprising that importers should be mulcted under an arbitrary law of protection for the mere purpose of making two or three high-paid officials rich. The man who, being already paid for his work, will take money got through a mean informer, is little less contemptible than a thief.

MESSRS. HAVEMEYER, VAN NORT and E. D. SMITH have selected the New York daily papers in which corporation advertisements are to be printed. Some of the selections are just, and some of them are ridiculous. Many journalists will wonder where the three politicians discovered such a paper as the *Era*. We might inform them that the publisher of the *Era* is a man who persistently sought pap from Tammany before and after the downfall of that political power, and that what he was not able to accomplish with Tammany he has gained from the obtuse Havemeyer, the calculating Van Nort and the slick Smith. The *Sun* justly criticises the three astute politicians; and we might add the inquiry, Why were the two most widely circulated journals of New York, the *Sun* and the *Herald*, left out of the selection? Simply because the politicians do not know whether to fear or to pet them.

We at last have a popular verbal expression of the purpose of the Grangers of the West. In a procession of five thousand farmers at Lawrence, Kan., a few days since, were men carrying banners with striking inscriptions, the first of which was, "Down with the Banks, and up with Corn." It is evident that the farmers have not been receiving as much money as they think they ought to have for their products, and that they deem the National Bank system as greatly the cause of it. This sentiment is repeated in the motto on another banner: "Money Kings, beware!" They believe that they work for too little pay, or they would not cry, "Industry must be rewarded." But far from regarding these expressions as hare-brained and inconsiderate, we see in them the growth of a wise and definite purpose, because they are modified by the principles, "Less (sic) offices, less laws, less taxes, and more justice," and, "Farmers to the front—politicians to the rear." But we recommend to the Grangers that they have one motto more happy than all the rest combined, namely, "Live and let live."

BARBECUES are extensively advertised for the next 4th of July, especially in the Western States.

The Clergy of Milwaukee have preached so strongly against theatrical performances in that city, that the actors and managers there have lost money during last season.

HEPWORTH DIXON, for several years editor of the London *Athenaeum*, is expected to arrive in America next Fall, to deliver a series of lectures on Spain. The glowing terms in which he painted the Oneida Community, in his "American Travels," exposed him to much severe criticism.

The population to the square mile in several of the largest cities of the world is as follows: London, 26,000; Pekin, 28,000; New York, 43,000. Pekin has generally been regarded as surpassing all others in the density of its population, but New York exceeds Pekin by 14,500, or more than 30 per cent. to the square mile.

The three Spring months of 1873 have, by general consent, been regarded as exceptionally cold; yet the weather data kept at Philadelphia for eighty-four years past show that the average temperature of March, April and May, within that period, has been 51.02; in 1872 was 52.39, and in 1873 was 51.09. The highest temperature reached in all those years was in 1871, when it went up to 57.62, and the lowest was in 1843, when it stood at 46. So that the average of 1873 was fully up to the average.

## THE BEAUTIES OF INDIA.

TWO papers—one the official report of Mr. Grant Duff, and the other read a few days ago by Captain Rogers, before the London Society of Arts—give figures touching the loss of life in India through the assaults of wild beasts and venomous snakes, that are positively startling. It appears from these authorities that in 1871, the total number of deaths caused by these creatures was no less than 18,078. The record in 1869 was 14,529, so that in spite of the decrease in the number of noxious animals we are accustomed to observe with the approach and contact of civilized man, the list of victims was lengthened during these two years in a terrible manner. In fact, the mortality from this cause appears to exceed that of all the wars carried on in or near the East Indies, and the beasts and snakes seem to kill more men than the men kill of each other.

Some particular individuals among the wild animals acquire special fame for their horrible exploits and long continued impunity. Captain Rogers describes one tigress in the Central Provinces as specially prominent in this way. She caused, he says, the destruction of 13 villages, and 250 square miles of country were thrown by her out of cultivation. Another tigress in 1869 killed 127 people, and actually stopped a public high road for many weeks, the inhabitants not daring to travel by it. In 1868, a panther, in broad daylight, broke into the town of Chicola, and came within 100 yards of the jail, attacking everybody he saw. He was killed, but he bit one man to death, and desperately wounded three others, before he succumbed. The magistrates of the various departments are constantly reporting the ravages of the tigers and panthers who destroy not only human beings but immense numbers of cattle. It appears that the increase of human population only brings increased mortality from this cause, the wild beasts losing no whit of their boldness with the advance of man, but rather acquiring fresh audacity and bloodthirstiness. The serpents, too, evidently dispute the ground inch by inch, and even invade houses in the most populous districts. Soldiers are constantly attacked in their cantonments by the cobra di capella, the bite of which venomous reptile is almost certain to be fatal, although, according to Dr. Bueler, who has had wide experience, the poison may be successfully combated by alcohol if taken in time.

When the ravages of these fearful pests are considered, as exemplified by the trustworthy accounts of Mr. Grant Duff and Captain Rogers, the sportsmen who go out to slaughter them by the hundred rise above the character of mere pleasure-seekers and become real benefactors of their kind. When nearly 20,000 persons are thus meeting yearly so terrible a death, it becomes important, indeed, to devise comprehensive means for battling with this fierce and remorseless enemy such as private individuals, however adroit and enterprising, cannot command. We suppose the whole Russian expedition to Khiva will hardly exceed 20,000 men; and hence, were the entire force to be absolutely blotted out, the loss of life would not exceed what is yearly inflicted in India, by tigers and cobras. It is a curious fact that the immense improvement in firearms does not seem to cut down the number of catastrophes from these causes. Even breech-loaders, revolvers, and rifles that kill at a thousand yards, appear to have no especial destructiveness for these wild despots of the plain and the jungle, from whom the only ultimate security must obviously consist in extermination.

## THE POPE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Unita Nazionale*, notwithstanding the reported convalescence of His Holiness, observes: "The Pope drags on his existence painfully. Reports of his death have been circulated and contradicted, but his state is bad enough, and gets worse every day. He has lost the use of his legs, and cannot get about on his feet at all. He is moved from one chamber to another, when he is able to bear it, on a couch with wheels; he is somewhat depressed and downcast. His attendants lift him in and out of bed. His legs, in fact, are dead. The part least affected by his illness is his mind. He has made his will regarding the little that remains of the ancient patrimony of his family and the furniture of his private apartments, in the Vatican, which is of great value, and the works of art, which are belonging to him. He has left all this to the eldest son of his brother, Count Louis Mastai Ferretti, who married a Princess of the house of Drago. There are special legacies for those persons who have been faithful to him, and for other relations more remotely connected. It may excite some surprise to hear that the patrimony of the Pope consists for the most part of the belongings of his quarters, but, by the old custom, he is owner of all that is in his apartments. It is rumored that the Pope has concealed in his cupboards a large quantity of gold, some say a million, others several millions, but I do not believe it, because Pius IX. is not greedy; and, when scarcely seated on the Pontifical throne, he gave up the rich patrimony of his house to his brothers.

## HOW MACMAHON BECAME PRESIDENT.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, usually well informed in relation to political currents in France, gives some details as to the struggle between the Duke d'Aumale and Marshal MacMahon for the Presidency of the Republic of France, from which it appears that for some time the former was the favorite; and there is good reason to believe that when he entered the Assembly (one of the earliest deputies who arrived) to take part in the Saturday's third sitting, it was with the full conviction that he would leave the hall as President of the Republic. If this were so, he was only tardily informed of the attitude of the Bonapartists, who resolutely opposed the Prince, declaring that if he were put forward they would vote with the Left, which would then have had a majority, just as it would have had if MM. Desseilligny, Target, and other members of the Left Centre had not voted against M. Thiers out of dissatisfaction

with their former leader, Casimir Prier, whom they considered to have gone too far Left.

When M. Buffet and the staff of the Assembly went on Saturday night to Marshal MacMahon to offer him the Presidency of the Republic, he was absent from home, and had to be sent for. He had been for some time with M. Thiers. The first statesman and the first soldier in France were in amicable consultation. The Marshal declared himself indisposed to accept the Presidency should it be (as he then may have felt pretty sure it would be) offered for his acceptance. He considered himself bound in honor to refuse it, for, as he had reminded M. Thiers, he had repeatedly, in the course of their frequent and friendly intercourse, volunteered the pledge that he never would supersede him. M. Thiers reminded him, in turn, that he had never uttered a word which could be construed as an acceptance of that pledge; and the Marshal may have had no difficulty in discerning that the outgoing President thought him preferable, as his successor, to the Orleans Prince. In short, that conversation may be considered to have decided MacMahon to accept the elevated position which, a few minutes later, was offered him.

But it turned upon the merest trifle who should be the new President. MacMahon, a thorough soldier, has little taste, and probably no great capacity, for the duties which devolve on him. He has a ready shown this by requesting the Ministers, when they referred to him as to the propriety of a projected measure, to decide the matter for themselves. One thing which he has very positively stated to his cabinet, and also to other persons, is that he will never be a party to a *coup d'etat*. On this head he is most decided, and he is also determined to uphold the Republic. Already some of the Right are said to mistrust the wisdom of having placed him in the position. The Marshal seems resolved to content himself with executing the measures adopted by his Ministers. Perhaps later, when he gets more into the current of public affairs, he may deviate from this resolution.

## GROTE ON COMTE.

JOHN MILL says more in praise of Comte's speculations on history than I think they deserve. You say you have no distinct notion of *fetichism*, as representing a stage of the human mind. I have (at least, so it seems to me,) a very distinct notion of it, but I doubt very much, as matter of fact, whether it ever constituted so marked a stage of the human mind as Comte would make out. His affirmations on this point—positive beyond all reasonable estimate of the existing evidence—indicate that he has not himself got rid of that tendency which he so justly condemns in others—the hankering to divine the mysteries of inchoate or primordial man, where there is no torch to light up the dark cavern. I agree with you also in thinking that much of what he says about polytheism is fanciful or incorrect. Think of a man assuming it as an *attested fact* (*un fait capital*, v. 254,) that Thales actually taught the Egyptian priests to measure the height of the Pyramids by the length of the shadows! I set little value upon what he says respecting polytheism and monotheism; but I agree entirely with his classification of the two stages of the human mind, *l'etat theologique* (either polytheistic or monotheistic,) and *l'etat positif*, together with what he calls *l'etat melaphisique*, to form a bridge between them, and I think he has the merit of having set forth the radical antithesis and incompatibility between these two modes of interpreting phenomena better and more emphatically than had ever been done before. He keenly feels and clearly perceives where it is that religion traverses and perverts the interpretation of physical phenomena. But as to moral or social phenomena, he recognizes no standard except his own taste and feeling; and this has been passively adopted, in him, from the Catholic teaching of his youth, though he has eliminated all the religious *echafaudage* with which it was once connected.

## THE FIRE WORSHIPERS.

WE have all heard of the Parsees. They are the Jews of Bombay. They are a race that was excluded from Persia as the Jews have been from many countries. Here they located. They are the traders. They buy and sell the cotton. They are the brokers, the money-lenders, the shavers. They never mingle with others. They have their own schools, and in their way are highly educated. They take care of their own poor. They have great wealth, and have elegant villas on Malober Hill, the most fashionable part of the city. They drive splendid horses and ride elegant carriages. If the ladies and children appear on the street, they are dressed in silk. I never saw children so elegantly dressed anywhere else. Many of the young ladies are very beautiful, but are never allowed to receive visits from any but those of their own race. They are fond of amusements, and have a theatre of their own. They are fire-worshippers. When the labors of the day are over they are seen along the shores of the sea, facing the setting sun, with their hands clasped, repeating their prayers. We made a visit to their cemetery. The sentinel took us along the winding road, and a rupee given him acted like a charm. It opened all the gates and passed the police. There were no Parsees in sight standing in our way, and we entered the prohibited inclosures. These grounds are surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, and have been used for a great number of years by this strange people. There are no monuments in the cemetery, but there are three round towers about fifty feet in diameter, and fifty to sixty feet high. On the top of these towers there is an iron grate. The dead are brought to the gate and delivered to the priests, and the friends depart. The priests prepare the corpse and lay it on the grate, and it is devoured by the vultures, and the bones drop through the grate into the charnel-house below. These towers or vaults are called the "Towers of Silena." We saw hundreds of vultures sitting on these towers, and the sentinel

told us that they would take all the flesh from the bones of a corpse in an hour. We asked why these towers? The sentinel, pointing to one, said, "Parsee with plenty of money put there;" to another, "Parsee with but little money put there;" and the other, "Parsee with no money put there." The sentinel said, when a corpse is put on the grate, the strife and noise of the vultures are frightful, and could be heard for a long distance.

## MEDICINE IN THE TIME OF PHARAOH.

THE well-known professor, Dr. Ebers, of the University of Leipsic, during his recent stay at Thebes, obtained a valuable papyrus roll of the time of the Pharaohs, containing the complete medical system of the priests, for the priests were also doctors in those days, and mingled medicine, magic and religious observances in a remarkable manner. If the patient happened to get well, they took all the credit; but if not, the gods got all the blame—the man's time to die had come. Thus men's characteristics repeat themselves in all stages of the world's growth. In our day pious people are apt to say: "It pleased the Lord to remove," etc., when, if the truth were known, the physician would come in for a share of the grave responsibility. The papyrus, though probably written thirty-five centuries ago, is in a state of perfect preservation. Not a single character of its one hundred and ten pages are missing. Nine of these pages are devoted to diseases of the eye, in the treatment of which the Egyptians seem to have been far more skillful than any other nation of their time. Besides this, it describes every part of the human body, and the diseases to which it is subject; the proper mode of their treatment, with especial directions as to the quantity and quality of the medicines to be administered for their relief. Another division treats of the history of medicine; and as this papyrus of Ebers's is the oldest authority yet discovered, much of importance may be expected from it.

## VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

IF a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of the night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water.

This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet-runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound, and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine around each other.

Duhamel placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they commenced to germinate, of course sending the plume towards the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth around, and again and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder was completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and the radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, they had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downward, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. W. CARLETON & Co.: "Purple and Fine Linen," a novel by EDGAR FAWCETT, and "A Thanksgiving Story," containing "Betsey and I are Out" and other poems, by NANNETTE S. EDWARDS.

T. B. PETERSON & Bros.: "The Old Countess," a sequel to "Lord Hope's Choice," by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, and "The Forty-five Guardsmen," and "Count of Monte Cristo," by A. DUMAS.

LEE & SHEPARD: "Partingtonian Patchwork," by B. P. SHILLABER, "Little Grandfather," by SOPHIE MAY, and "The Year," by D. C. COLSWORTHY.

## THE LAST SUPPER.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives."

WHAT song sang the twelve with the Saviour  
When finished the sacrament wine?  
Were they bowed and subdued in behavior,  
Or bold as made bold with a sign?

Were the hairy breasts strong and defiant?  
Were the naked arms brawny and strong?  
Were the bearded lips lifted defiant,  
Thrust forth and full sturdy with song?

What sang they? What sweet song of Zion,  
With Christ in their midst like a crown?  
While here sat Saint Peter, the lion;  
And there, like a lamb, with head down,

Sat Saint John, with his silken and raven  
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes  
Lifting up to the faces unshaven  
Like a sensitive child in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen swinging  
Their nets, full of hope, to the sea?  
Or low, like the ripple wave, singing  
Sea-songs on their loved Galilee?

Were they sad with forebodings of sorrows,  
Like the birds that sing low when the breeze  
Is up-toe with a tale of to-morrows—  
Of earthquakes and sinking of seas?

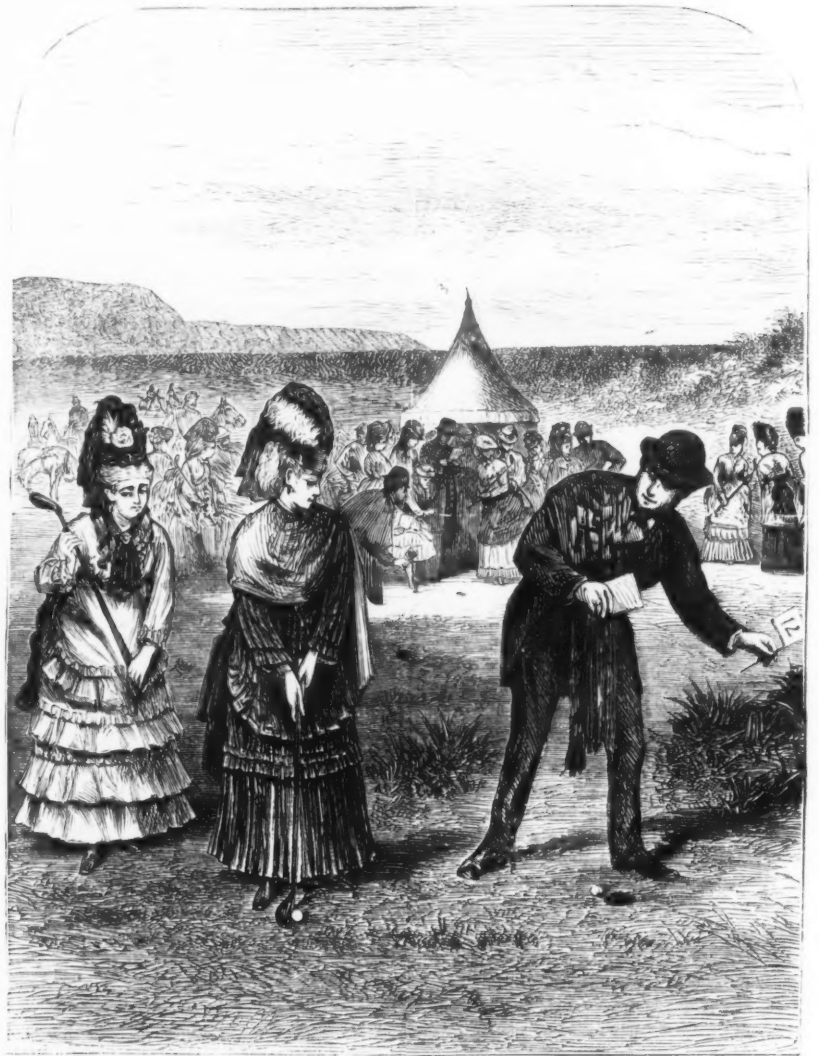
Ah! soft was their song as the waves are  
That fall in low musical moans;  
And sad I should say as the winds are  
That blow by the white grave stones.



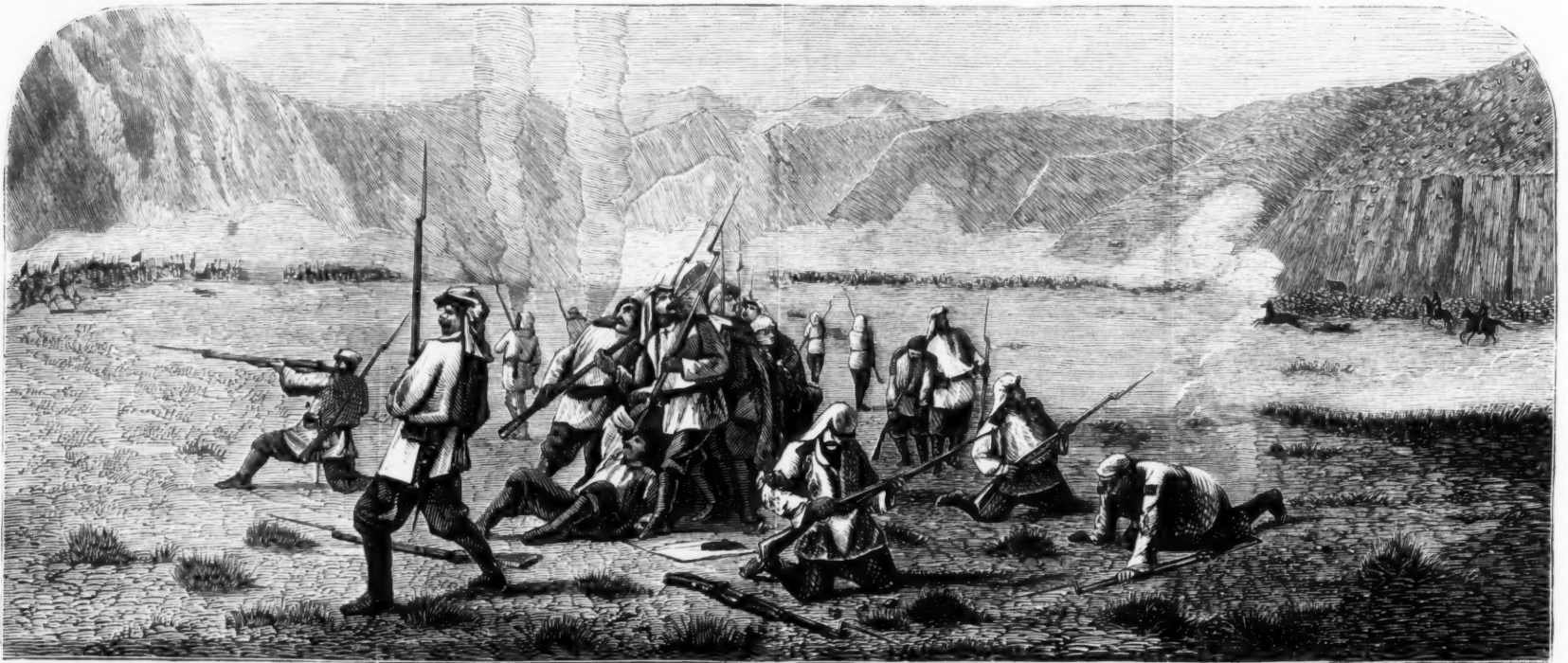
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 267.



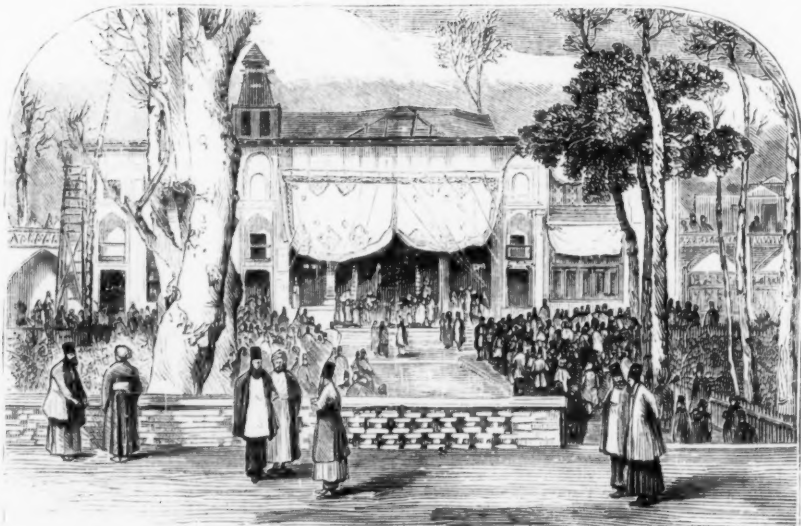
ASIA.—NATIVES OF THE CAUCASUS ON THE EVE OF A FORAY.



ENGLAND.—THE "WESTWARD HO" LADIES' GOLF CLUB AT BIDEFORD, DEVON.



KHIVA.—THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA—TROOPS SURROUNDED AND PURSUED.

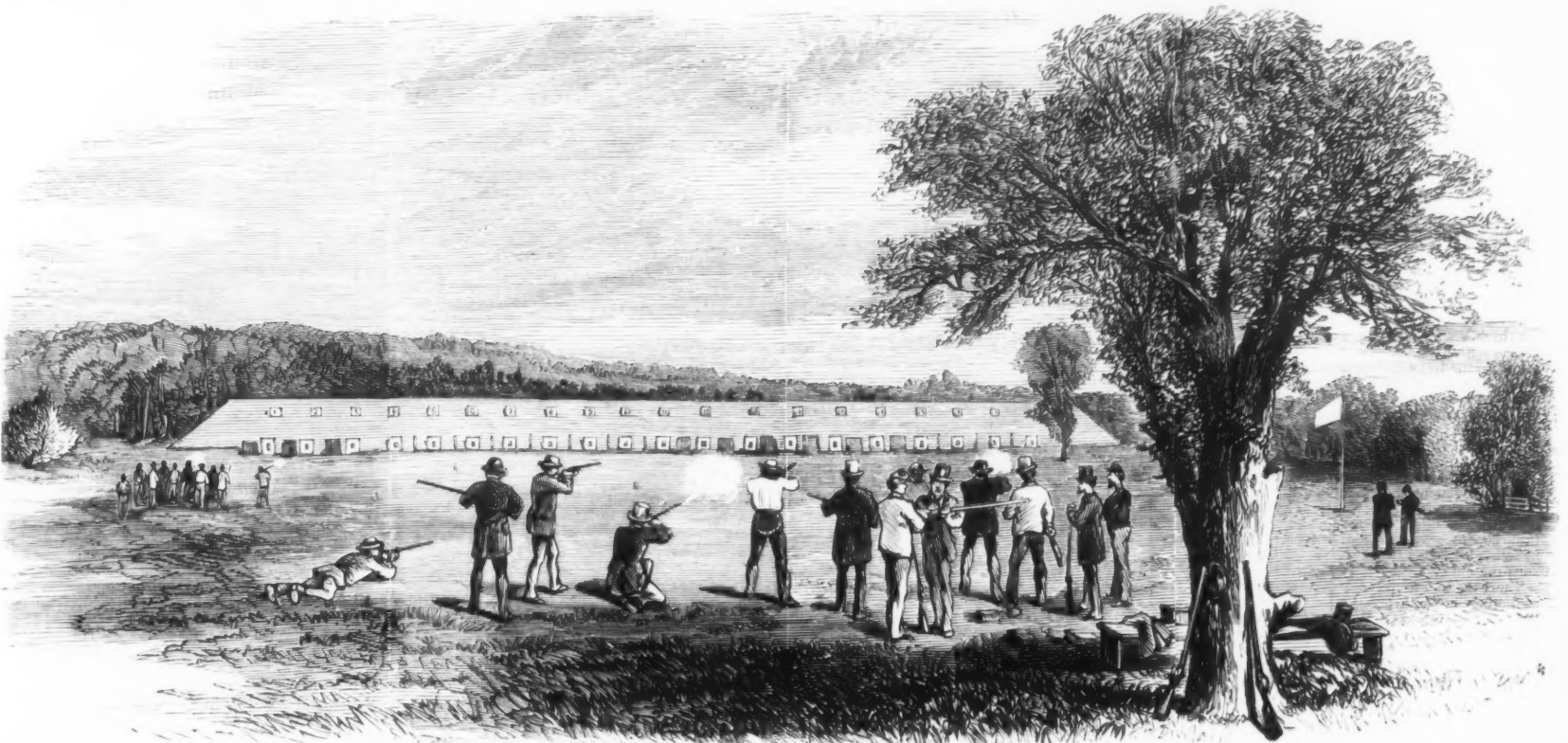


ASIA.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT HOME—RECEPTION-HALL AT TEHERAN.

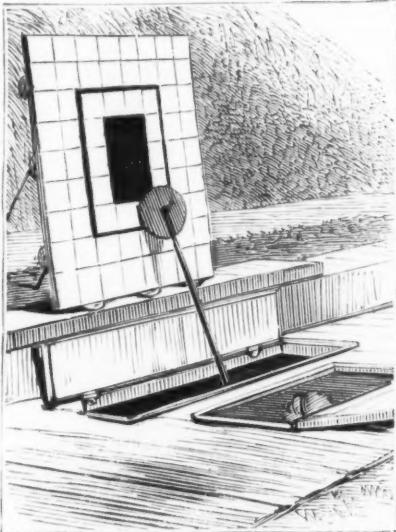


RUSSIA.—THE SEMIK FESTIVAL AT WHITSUNTIDE, MOSCOW.





THE CREEDMOOR RANGE—SHOOTING, AT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS DISTANCE.



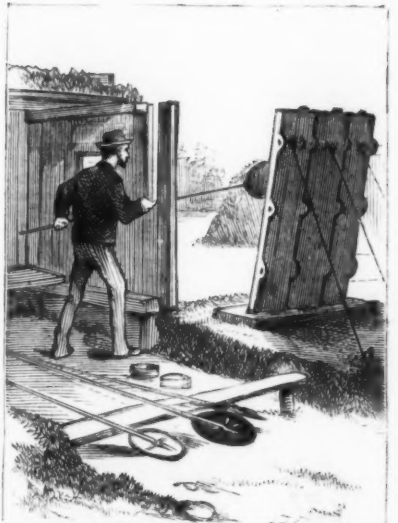
MARKING THE SHOTS FROM THE COVERED DITCH.



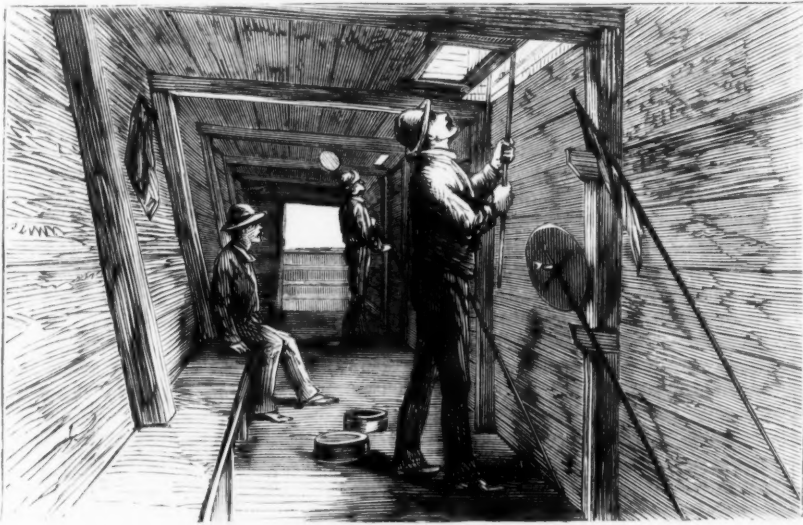
THE EMBANKMENT AND THE TARGETS.

provided that whenever the Association would raise \$5,000 the State would contribute \$25,000; that the Supervisors of New York and Brooklyn might appropriate a sum not exceeding \$5,000; and that Division and State prizes should be prepared as the range were perfected under the supervision of John E. Church and Captain William Prince, of the Ordnance Department, U.S.A.

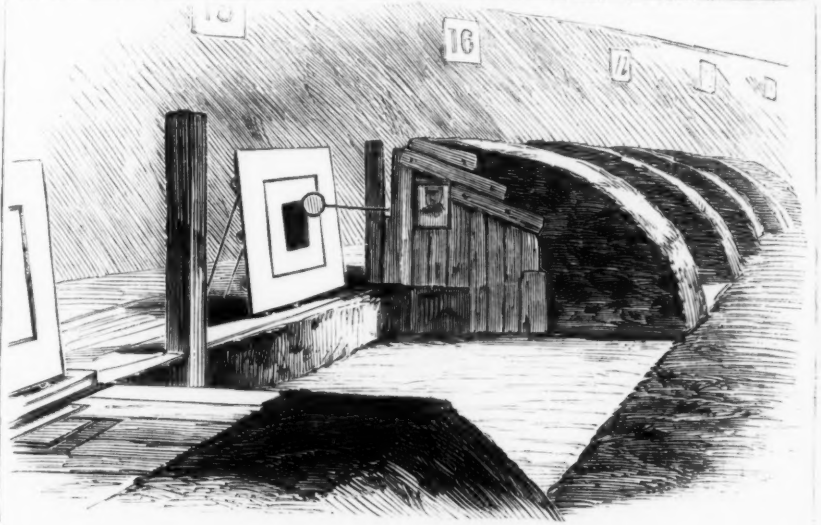
Visitors may reach the range from New York by taking the Thirty-fourth Street or the Hunter's



MARKING THE SHOTS FROM INSIDE THE HUT.



MARKERS IN THE COVERED DITCH.



MARKING FROM OUTSIDE THE HUTS.

#### CREEDMOOR RIFLE RANGE.

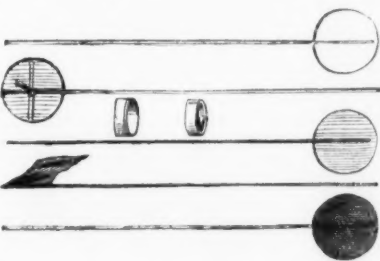
THE opening of the shooting range of the National Rifle Association, at Creedmoor, Long Island, marks an epoch in the history of our citizen soldiery. The tract of land purchased for the field embraces about seventy acres, and is twelve miles from Hunter's Point, in Queens County. The selection was admirable, as it would be difficult to secure a strip of the requisite length with a more level and unobstructed surface.

The Bill authorizing the establishment of the range passed the Legislature at the session of 1872, and

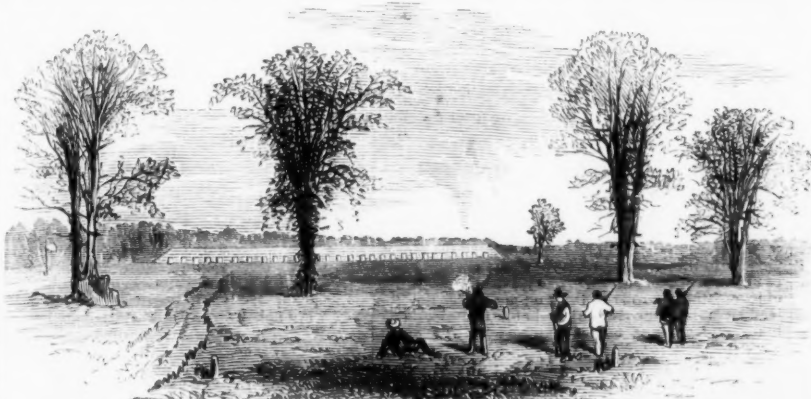
rewards of skillful marksmanship. The land cost \$26,250, and in consideration of the selection prominent railroad men procured subscriptions to the Association amounting to \$6,000. The construction of the embankment and the general preparation of

Point Ferries to the trains of the Central Railroad of Long Island. On alighting from the cars, the white targets, relieved by the deep-green of the embankment, will be seen at once upon the left. Entering the grounds proper, the space allotted for division drills

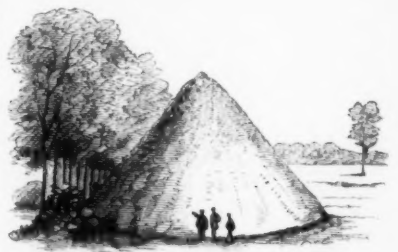
and encampments is first traversed. The Headquarters' building will be erected upon the right, while in an angle on the left will be the "Running Man," a mechanical contrivance, consisting of a dummy placed on a truck, passing to and fro on a track eighty feet in length, at which shots will be directed, while it is in motion, from 100 and 200 yard points. A number of stakes will be noticed extending in a straight line from a point a little to the left of Headquarters, toward the targets, which mark the firing-points of the different ranges. At the extreme end of the ground, and standing out in bold relief against a patch of woods, is the earth embankment. The base



SIGNAL DISKS.



SHOOTING, AT ONE THOUSAND YARDS DISTANCE.



END VIEW OF THE TARGET EMBANKMENT.

LONG ISLAND—QUEENS COUNTY.—"CREEDMOOR RANGE." THE FIELD OF PRACTICE OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, OPENED JUNE 21st.



of the bank is 80 feet through. Its length is nearly 600 feet; height, 25; and slope, 37. The targets are erected in a line some 25 feet from the base, and are 20 in number. At the eastern extremity five are sunken, adjoining are six raised, next four sunken, and lastly five raised, butts, or mantelets. Looking more closely at these, we find the markers' lookouts constructed on two principles, by which a thorough test will be secured to establish the most practical retreat. The targets themselves are of iron, treated by a peculiar process, and imported from England. The slabs are six feet high by two wide, and furnished with ears by which several can be bolted together.

As the distance of the range is increased, the number of slabs and the size of the bull's-eye will be correspondingly augmented. The slabs can also be converted into extra mantelets at a few moments' notice. The raised or Hill mantelets are little houses, with an apartment about six feet long (wide, according to front elevation,) and two feet wide by six high. The inside is heavily planked, and furnished with a seat for the marker, a plate of heavy glass on the left enabling him to see where the bullets strike, three disks for telegraphing the shots and wiping out the discoloration, pans of paint, and a red flag. Behind the marker, and facing the firing-point, there are about ten feet of earth at the base, and four at the top, thus placing the occupant beyond the possibility of injury. The Scoble or sunken mantelets, with their nine targets, are well worth special notice. That on the east is 150 feet long, and that on the west, 111. They are 6 feet clear in height inside, 5 feet 6 inches in width at the top, tapering to 4 feet at the bottom. They are well protected by earth and planking. A wooden seat runs the entire length of each.

There is a marker for every target, whose place is directly beneath. The roof is perforated at the base of the targets by long, narrow traps opening outward. A little to the front are panes of plate-glass, giving the markers a clear view of the slabs. Within, and facing the occupants, are racks, upon which rest the sheet-iron disks and red flags, while upon the floor are pans of paint corresponding with the color on the targets.

The Wimbledon system is so little known in this country, save among a comparatively small number of military men, that a seat alongside a marker during a contest will have a novel compensation.

While the marker is making a final examination of his working materials, he pushes up the trap and thrusts before his target a red flag, intimating danger. At a given signal the flag is taken in, the trap closed; and the marker stands or sits gazing at the target through the pane of glass. Suddenly a noise is heard resembling the explosion of "pulling" crackers. A black spot appears on the slab. The marker seizes one of the disks, painted on the field side, and provided on the other with a small brush. Dipping the brush into the pan of paint, he elevates the trap, thrusts up the disk, and repaints the bullet-mark. In a moment the trap is closed, and the marker awaits another shot, while the firing parties know the exact location of the shot by the color of the disk exhibited. Occasionally there is a light, rushing sound, followed in some instances by a shower of sand on the roof. Up goes the trap, out the red flag, when two waves of the staff telegraph to the firing-point that the shot was ricochet.

The marking in the Hill or raised mantelets is quite similar, though attended with more danger. The disks and flags lie upon a rest. The occupant looks through the window on the left. When the bullet strikes, the disk is lowered through a slit in the framework, and the mark removed. If the disk-pole should slip, so that the marker loses its balance, an arm must be placed in jeopardy to steady it, unless he exposes the danger-flag, when he can walk out and efface the mark without fear.

There are nine distances for individual shooting, viz.: 200 yards; 300 yards; 400 yards; 500 yards; 600 yards; 700 yards; 800 yards; 900 yards; 1,000 yards. And one for volley firing, 400 yards.

The sizes of the targets are: (a.) Up to 300 yards, 6 ft. x 2 ft. (b.) Over 300 to 600 yards, 6 ft. square. (c.) Over 600 to 1,000 yards, 6 ft. x 12 ft. (d.) At 400 yards, for volley firing, 6 ft. x 12 ft.

In competition for individual firing, the sizes of the bull's-eyes and centres are: (a.) Up to 300 yards, bull's-eye, 8-inch square; centre, 2 feet. (b.) Over 300 to 500 yards, bull's-eye, 2 feet square; centre, 4 feet. (c.) Over 600 to 1,000 yards, bull's-eye, 3 feet square; centre, 6 feet. (d.) 400 yards, volley, bull's-eye, 2 feet high and extending across the target; centre, foot above and below bull's-eye; outer, remainder of target.

In marking, the black disk denotes an outer, which counts two; the red, a centre, counting three; and the white, a bull's-eye, scoring four. The targets are freshly painted for each distance.

The charter of the Association does not prevent membership being attained by non-military men. The great object is to secure as many members of our National Guard as possible, from all parts of the State, but the militia of other States, as well as gentlemen who indulge in rifle practice chiefly for amusement and sport, are equally eligible. The most costly prizes are offered only to members of the National Guard; and competitors are debarred the use of rifles exceeding ten pounds in weight, and all telescopes, hair-triggers and artificial rests.

The success of the enterprise is so far encouraging in an eminent degree. For the opening (Saturday, June 21st.) there were several gold badges and money purses offered as prizes, besides twenty-five gold-mounted rifles, costing \$75 each, and a Gatling gun, valued at \$2,000, for a regimental contest.

The following is a list of the regiments which signified their intention of participating in the opening and matches: The Ninth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Nineteenth of Newburgh, N. Y.; Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Thirty-second, Seventy-first and Seventy-ninth, of New York; First, Second and Ninth, of New Jersey, and the United States Engineers.

### THE LAST PIKE AT JAGGER'S BEND.

WHERE they came from no one knew. Among the farmers near the Bend there was ample ability to conduct researches beset by far more difficulties than was that of the origin of the Pike; but a charge of buckshot which a good-natured Yankee received one evening, soon after putting questions to a venerable Pike, exerted a depressing influence upon the spirit of investigation. They were not bloodthirsty, these Pikes, but they had good reason to suspect all inquirers of being at least deputy sheriffs, if not worse; and a Pike's hatred of officers of the law is equalled in intensity only by his hatred for manual labor.

But while there was doubt as to the fatherland of the little colony of Pikes at Jagger's Bend, their every neighbor would willingly make affidavit as to the cause of their locating and remaining at the Bend. When humanitarians and optimists argued that it was because the water was good and convenient, that the Bend itself caught enough drift-wood for fuel, and that the dirt would yield a little

gold when manipulated by placer and pan, all farmers and stockowners would freely admit the validity of these reasons; but the admission was made with a countenance whose indignation and sorrow indicated that the greater causes were yet unnamed. With eyes speaking emotions which words could not express, they would point to sections of wheatfields minus the grain-bearing heads—to hides and hoofs of cattle unslaughtered by themselves—to mothers of promising calves, whose tender bleatings answered not the maternal call—to the places which had once known fine horses, but had been untenanted since certain Pikes had gone across the mountains for game. They would accuse no man wrongfully, but in a country where all farmers had wheat and cattle and horses, and where prowling Indians and Mexicans were not, how could these disappearances occur?

But to people owning no property in the neighborhood—to tourists and artists—the Pike settlement at the Bend was as interesting and ugly as a Skye terrier. The architecture of the village was of original style, and no duplicate existed. Of the half-dozen residences, one was composed exclusively of sod; another of bark; yet another of poles, roofed with a wagon-cover, and plastered on the outside with mud; the fourth was of slabs, nicely split from logs which had drifted into the Bend; the fifth was of hide stretched over a frame, strictly Gothic from foundation to ridgepole; while the sixth, burrowed into the hillside, displayed only the barrel which formed its chimney.

A more aristocratic community did not exist on the Pacific Coast. Visit the Pikes when you would, you could never see any one working. Of churches, school-houses, stores and other plebeian institutions, there were none; and no Pike demeaned himself by entering trade, or soiled his hands by agriculture.

Yet unto this peaceful, contented neighborhood there found his way a visitor who had been everywhere in the world without once being made welcome. He came to the house built of slabs, and threatened the wife of Sam Trotwine, owner of the house; and Sam, after sunning himself uneasily for a day or two, mounted a pony, and rode off for a doctor to drive the intruder away.

When he returned, he found all the men in the camp seated on a log in front of his own door, and then he knew he must prepare for the worst—only one of the great influences of the world could force every Pike from his own door at exactly the same time. There they sat, yellow-faced, bearded, long-backed and bent, each looking like the other, and all like Sam; and, as he dismounted, they looked at him.

"How is she?" said Sam, tying his horse and the doctor's, while the latter went in.

"Well," said the oldest man, with deliberation, "the wimmin's all thar, ef that's any sign."

Each man on the log inclined his head slightly but positively to the left, thus manifesting belief that Sam had been correctly and sufficiently answered. Sam himself seemed to regard his information in about the same manner.

Suddenly the raw hide which formed the door of Sam's house was pushed aside, and a woman came out and called Sam, and he disappeared from his log.

As he entered his hut, all the women lifted sorrowful faces and retired; no one even lingered, for the Pike has not the common human interest in other people's business; he lacks that, as well as certain similar virtues of civilization.

Sam dropped by the bedside, and was human; his heart was in the right place; and though heavily entrenched by years of laziness and whisky and tobacco, it could be brought to the front, and it came now.

The dying woman cast her eyes appealingly at the surgeon, and that worthy stepped outside the door. Then the yellow-faced woman said:

"Sam, doctor says I ain't got much time left."

"Mary," said Sam, "I wish ter God I could die fur yer. The children—"

"It's them I want to talk about, Sam," replied his wife. "An' I wish they could die with me, rather'n hev 'em live ef I've hed to. Not that you ain't been a kind husband to me, for you hev. Whenever I've wanted meat, yev got it, somehow; an' when yev been ugly drunk, yev kep' away from the house. But I'm dyin', Sam, and it's cos you've killed me."

"Good God, Mary!" cried the astonished Sam, jumping up: "yure crazy—here, doctor."

"Doctor can't do no good, Sam; keep still, and listen, ef yer love me like yer once said yer did; fur I hev'n't got much breath left," gasped the woman.

"Mary," said the aggrieved Sam, "I swow to God I dunno what yer drivin' at."

"It's jest this, Sam," replied the woman: "Yer tuk me, tellin' me ye'd love me an' honor me an' pect me. You mean to say, now, yev done it? I'm a-dyin' Sam—I hain't got no favors to ask of nobody, an' I'm tellin' the truth, not knowin' what word 'I be' my last."

"Then tell a feller where the killin' came in, Mary, for heaven's sake," said the unhappy Sam.

"It's come in all along, Sam," said the woman: "there is women in the States, so I've heard, that marries fur a home, an' bread an' butter, but you promised more'n that, Sam. An' I've waited, an' it ain't come. An' there's somethin' in me that's all starved an' ent to pieces. An' it's yer fault, Sam. I tuk yer fur better or fur wuss, an' I've never grumbled."

"I know yer hain't, Mary," whispered the conscience-stricken Pike. "An' I know what yer mean. Ef God 'll only let yer be fur a few years, I'll see ef the thing can't be helped. Don't cuss me, Mary—I've never knowed how I've been a-goin'. I wish there was somethin' I could do fore you go, to pay yer all I owe yer. I'd go back on everything that makes life with hev'n."

"Pay it to the children, Sam," said the sick woman, raising herself in her miserable bed. "I'll forgive yer everything if you'll do the right thing fur them. Do—do—everything!" said the woman, throwing up her arms and falling backward. Her husband's arms caught her: his lips brought to her wan face a smile, which the grim visitor, who an instant later stole her breath, pityingly left in full possession of the rightful inheritance from which it had been so long excluded.

Sam knelt for a moment with his face beside his wife—what he said or did the Lord only knew, but the doctor, who was of a speculative mind, afterward said that when Sam appeared at the door he showed the first Pike face in which he had ever seen any signs of a soul.

Sam went to the sod house, where lived the oldest woman in the camp, and briefly announced the end of his wife. Then, after some consultation with the old woman, Sam rode to town on one of his horses, leading another. He came back with but one horse and a large bundle; and soon the women were making for Mrs. Trotwine her last earthly robe, and the first new one she had worn for years. The next day a wagon brought a coffin and a minister, and the whole camp silently and respectfully followed Mrs. Trotwine to a home with which she could find no fault.

For three days all the male Pikes in the camp sat

on the log in front of Sam's door, and expressed their sympathy as did the three friends of Job—that is, they held their peace. But on the fourth their tongues were unloosed. As a conversationalist the Pike is not a success, but Sam's actions were so unusual and utterly unheard of, that it seemed as if even the stones must have wondered and communed among themselves.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Brown Buck; "he's gone an' bought new clothes for each of the four young 'uns."

"Yes," said the patriarch of the camp, "an' this mornin', when I went down to the bank to soak my head, 'cos last night's liquor didn't agree with it, I seed Sam with all his young 'uns as they wuz a washin' their face an' hands with soap. They'll ketch their death an' be on the hill with their mother fore long, if he don't look out. Somebody ort to reason with him."

"'Twon't do no good," sighed Limping Jim. "He's lost his head, an' reason just goes into one ear an' out at t'other. When he was scrapin' aroun' this front door t'other day, an' I asked him what he wuz a-layin' the ground all bare an' desolate fur, he sed he was done keepin' pig-pen. Now everybody but him knows he never had a pig. His head's gone, just mark my words."

On the morning of the fourth day Sam's friends had just secured a full attendance on the log, and were at work upon their first pipes, when they were startled by seeing Sam harness his horse in the wagon and put all his children into it.

"Whar yer bound fur, Sam?" asked the patriarch.

Sam blushed as near as a Pike could, but answered with only a little hesitation:

"Goin' to take 'em to school to Maxfield—goin' to do it ev'ry day."

The incumbents of the log were too nearly paralyzed to remonstrate, but after a few moments of silence the patriarch remarked, in tones of feeling, yet decision:

"He's hed a tough time of it, but he's no bizness to ruin the settlement. I'm an old man myself, an' I need peace of mind, so I'm goin' to pack up my traps and mosey. When the folks at Maxfield knows what he's doin', they'll make him a constable or a justice, an' I'm too much of a man to live nigh any sich."

And next day the patriarch wheeled his family and property to parts unknown.

A few days later Jim Merrick, a brisk farmer a few miles from the Bend, stood in front of his own house, and shaded his eyes in solemn wonder. It couldn't be—he'd never heard of such a thing before—yet it was—there was no doubt of it—there was a Pike riding right toward him, in open daylight. He could swear that Pike had often visited him—that is, his wheat-field and corral—after dark, but a daylight visit from a Pike was as unusual as a social call of a Samaritan upon a Jew. And when Sam—for it was he—approached Merrick and made his business known, the farmer was more astonished and confused than he had ever been in his life before. Sam wanted to know for how much money Merrick would plow and plant a hundred and sixty acres of wheat for him, and whether he would take Sam's horse—a fine animal, brought from the States, and for which Sam could show a bill of sale—as security for the amount, until he could harvest and sell his crop. Merrick so well understood the Pike nature, that he made a very liberal offer, and afterward said he would have paid handsomely for the chance.

A few days later, and the remaining Pikes at the Bend experienced the greatest scare that had ever visited their souls. A brisk man came into the Bend with a tripod on his shoulder, and a wire chain, and some wire pins, and a queer machine under his arm, and before dark the Pikes understood that Sam had deliberately constituted himself a renegade by entering a quarter section of land. Next morning two more residences were empty, and the remaining fathers of the hamlet adorned not Sam's log, but wandered about with faces vacant of all expression save the agony of the patriot who sees his home invaded by corrupting influences too powerful for him to resist.

Then Merrick sent up a gang-plow and eight horses, and the tender green of Sam's quarter section was rapidly changed to a dull-brown color, which is odious unto the eye of the Pike. Day by day the brown spot grew larger, and one morning Sam arose to find all his neighbors departed, having wreaked their vengeance upon him by taking away his dogs. And in his delight at their disappearance, Sam freely forgave them all.

Regularly the children were carried to and from school, and even to Sunday-school—regularly every evening Sam visited the grave on the hillside, and came back to lie by the hour looking at the sleeping darlings—little by little farmers began to realize that their property was undisturbed—little by little Sam's wheat grew and waxed golden, and then there came a day when a man from Frisco came and changed it into a heavier gold—more gold than Sam had ever seen before. And the farmers began to stop in to see Sam, and their children came to see his, and kind women were unusually kind to the orphans, and as day by day Sam took his solitary walk on the hillside, the load on his heart grew lighter, until he ceased to fear the day when he, too, should lie there.

### INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BRAZIL—A DAY ASHORE AT PERNAMBUCO.

"HERE'S Brazil at last, anyhow! Hurrah!" Brazil it is, sure enough. Yonder, behind the long line of gnashing surf that keeps running up and down like a beast of prey, lies Pernambuco; its tall church-towers, and broad white streets standing out against a curving background of dark-green forest, that forest whose western skirt trails over the lower spurs of the Andes. We are at the easternmost corner of South America, and about to set foot, for the first time, upon Brazilian soil. Far out as we are from the shore, the echoes of our signal-gun have hardly died away, when we are environed by a host of eager assailants—black, white, yellow, and brown—some in white shirts, some in white trousers, and many without either shirts, trousers, or boots, alike in nothing but their determination to get as much out of us as possible. One boat is alive with frisking monkeys, which skip and chatter as ceaselessly as their masters; another echoes with the screams of countless parrots, which seem to be all singing a song consisting of nothing but a chorus; a third is piled to the gunwale with boxes of Bahia cigars, and native nicknackeries of every kind, "from a sceptre to a saucepan;" a fourth is loaded with the magnificent fruits of Brazil, the very names of which are unknown to Europe. Mingled with these traffickers are some dozens of brawny boatmen (chiefly negroes) in straw hats and tattered white shirts, who stun us with clamorous outcries, generously offering to pull us ashore for not more than ten times their proper fare. I seize upon one of these latter, and (having bated him down to one-half his original demand) jump in, and am pulled shoreward, the magnificent panorama unrolling

itself before me at every stroke of the oar in a way impossible to describe.

And now, in the splendor of the morning sunrise, Pernambuco, despite its low level, makes a fine picture. The vast sweep of the bay, fringed with its broad smooth border of yellow sand; the hill of Olinda at the northern extremity of the crescent, towering with all its waving woods against the lustrous sky; the boundless sea of foliage melting away in the background; in front, the long low wall of the reef, black and grim amid the churning foam, crowned with the gray ruins of its ancient fort; and the great city outspread in the midst, with its low white houses and candelabra-like cupolas, its spacious quays planted with feathery palms, and its forest of masts, gay with the ensigns of every nation, from Uruguay to Russia.

Five minutes later, I find myself in a long, high, well-shaded room, presenting my letters of introduction to a portly English merchant, whom I find sitting in his shirt-sleeves beside an open window, with an enormous *moringo* (jar) of iced water at his elbow. His disposal of my case is brief and masterly. "Want to see the town, eh? Charley, go with this gentleman, and show him all there is. By-by. See you at two o'clock." And a fresh-looking young man, starting into life at the summons, pilots me out, while his commanding officer recommences work with redoubled energy.

Away we go, then, my chaperon and I, through dusty squares, narrow, rubbish-blocked lanes, and trim little boulevards, lighting upon some noteworthy object at every step. Here comes a stalwart negro (whose black skin, showing through the rents in his white tunic, reminds me of the spots on the sun) carrying a queer little brown *porco do mato*, or wild hog, all snout and bristles, like a porcupine. Yonder, at the gate of a huge, empty courtyard, stands a mulatto servant with a scarlet handkerchief round her head, chaffing over a magnificent parrot, which is to form the *péce de resistance* of her master's dinner.

"Well, here we are at the bureau!" exclaims my guide, entering a little rabbit-hutch at the corner of one of the great squares; "and now we'll just take a 'bond' out to the Madalena."

"All right," answers I; "but, to begin with, what is a 'bond'?"

"It's a name they give to the cars of the Street Tramway Company, which are getting to be quite the fashion in Brazil. Here you are, now—jump in."

The car (which, with its open sides guarded by huge ribs of wood, looks not unlike the skeleton of a starved omnibus) comes jingling up to the door; we jump in, the negro driver cracks his whip, the four mules break into a spanking trot, and away we go.

Away, in the glorious tropical sunshine, across the broad smooth river, along the banks of which dainty little villas, and stately public buildings, and smooth, spacious lawns, and clustering bosquets of shrubbery, lie outspread in endless panoramas. Away, up the great thoroughfare, where everybody seems to be out of doors making holiday, and even the houses themselves, with their open windows and fluttering white hangings, look as if they had come out in their shirt-sleeves to enjoy the fine weather. Away, past little painted shops, and tall white dwelling-houses, and buzzing markets, and crowded drinking-rooms, and diminutive mulatto sentinels, lounging lazily in front of do-nothing Government offices—till at length the great white city melts away behind us, and there arises on every side a wilderness of gorgeous vegetation, such as Europe never saw nor shall see. There they stand, all the glorious forest-kings over whom brave old Humboldt outpoured himself in simple, honest admiration. There rises the stately cocoa-palm, slim and graceful as an Eastern prince—the true aristocrat of the forest; and the beautiful tree-fern, with her long trailing hair; and the truculent cactus, savagely extending his huge lance-like spines, like the scythes of an ancient war-chariot; and the gaudy poinsettia, fluttering its crimson pemons; and the feathery fan-palm, outstretching its long, tapering fronds on every side; and the dark, glossy orange-tree, side by side with the spiky thorn-palm and the vast banner-like banana.

"Fine sight for the first time, eh?" remarks my cicerone, noticing my look of admiration. "I'm sorry I've been here so long, for now I've got quite used to it; but the first time I came this way I stared with all my eyes. However, wait till we get to the Madalena, and you *will* see something."

But out to the Madalena we are not fated to get; for at this point our charioteer, who has driven throughout (as my chaperon viciously remarks) "like a suicide with a team of mad dogs," carries his eccentricities to a pitch of absolute insanity. His team, instead of being kept well in hand, straggle all over the road; the car rocks from side to side like a hobby-horse, and, but the Brazilian "bond" is the steadiest vehicle existing, would infallibly upset us. Suddenly another "bond," running in the opposite direction, comes sharp round a corner right upon us. Our driver, wise too late, attempts to pull up, but in vain, the car lurches, the driver loses his balance, and smash comes the head of our near leader against the iron guard-rail of the other car, the blood spurting up under the stroke as if from a syringe. The wheelers tumble over the leaders, the harness gets entangled, both cars come to a dead halt—and all is a whirl of dust, shrieks, swearing and utter confusion.

"Well," growls my comrade, "there's an end of the Madalena, anyhow; and the best thing we can do is just to get into this other 'bond,' and go right away back again."

We change cars accordingly, and, after a merry ride, arrive in town once more.

My first thought is to go straight back to my friend's office, where I find him still scribbling away as I had left him; but just as I enter, he flings down his pen with a "That's done, thank goodness!" and, putting on his hat and coat, tells me to "Come along and have a look at the Public Library."

To the library we go accordingly. A pleasant little place it is, with its cool shady rooms, its spacious balconies, its open windows facing the sea, its marble tables covered with newspapers, and its fine full-length portraits of the Emperor and other Brazilian celebrities; but make short work of it, remembering that it is past two o'clock, and that I must be abroad by three.

"Never you mind about that," says my hospitable guide, in answer to this suggestion: "just come across the road, and let's have a glass of something, and I'll get you a boat in good time, never fear!"

We cross the road, and find ourselves in the "interior" which Teniers would have given a fortune to paint, or Dickens to describe. A dark, low-browed roof, traversed by heavy crossbeams; walls smoked to the color of mahogany; shelves filled with vessels of every shape and nationality, from the big punchy Dutch jar to the tall, slim *demi-bouteille* of Bordeaux; and, in front, the bar, with its landlord (a long, lean Portuguese, with a face like a half-decayed leek) serving out drinks to a motley throng of slender Brazilians, sallow Spaniards, keen-eyed Yankees, red-faced Englishmen, yellow Creoles, and blubber-lipped negroes. I toss off a couple of glasses of lemonade, and,



taking a hasty leave of my entertainer, jump into the boat which he has engaged for me, and bid good-by to Pernambuco.

An hour later I am upon the open sea once more.

## GLIMPSES OF SARATOGA, THE GREAT AMERICAN SPA.

It is, we believe, generally conceded that Saratoga is one of the most fashionable, healthy and delightful watering-places on this continent. The medicinal properties of its springs are celebrated all the world over; and so thoroughly has it become a favorite resort among the American upper classes, that not to visit it during the season is to be guilty of a heresy repugnant to everything appertaining to high life.

This beautiful village, with its fixed population of seven or eight thousand, which is vastly increased throughout the Summer months, is situated most charmingly on the very skirts of the busy world, and within a few hours' journey of New York City. Its approaches may be ranked among the finest in this or any country, for it lies, so to speak, in the broad, blue highway of the Hudson, or at least so convenient to the bold and picturesque banks of that noble river, that the tourist, from New York, can reach it by rail within an hour or so after having left the steamer at Troy or Albany, from whose deck he had witnessed previously, for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, some of the most superb scenery imaginable.

From the fact of its having been the scene of one of the most important struggles of the Revolution, Saratoga may be justly regarded as classic ground. The healing qualities of its waters were early known to the Indians, and many miraculous cures have, with great show of reason, been attributed to them. Its first habitation was a log hut built in 1773 by Derick Scotton, and its first frame house was erected in 1784 by General Schuyler. We think it may be presumed fairly that neither of these edifices would present a very imposing appearance by the side of some of the splendid structures shown in our illustrations to-day, under the above caption, not to speak of various others situated in different parts of the town, and to which we may refer briefly in a future number of this journal.

Saratoga contains twenty-three mineral springs; some chalybeate; some containing iodine, with salts of soda and magnesia; and all highly charged with carbonic acid. The most celebrated are "Congress," "Empire," "Washington," "Hathorn," "Columbian," "Geyser," "Hamilton," "High Rock," "Star," and these, as may be supposed, are largely patronized by invalids and others. It has, in addition, numerous hotels, some of which are really magnificent, and capable of accommodating almost any number of visitors. Several of these are represented in our series of engravings—the Clarendon, the Grand, Congress, the Grand Union, and the United States, now in course of erection. We give, also, a fine view of Broadway, looking north from the Town Hall. The vista here is very charming, and most grateful to the eye, in the season, as much as this splendid avenue, which is three miles in length, is for the most part shaded by stately elms, and, at times, crowded throughout with costly equipages and brilliant costumes.

In the vicinity of this home of the goddess Hygiea, with its enchanting scenery, there are some delightful drives and villas. The Lake, which is a central point of attraction, lies about three and a half miles from the town or village, and is a very beautiful sheet of water, nine miles in length and five in breadth at its widest point. It affords excellent sport to the angler, and presents, under the light of the full moon, or at dawn or sunset, an appearance so romantic, that it might well form a central point for some glowing tale of fiction. The effect is most charming, also, when the shining expanse is thronged with pleasure-boats, or those engaged in piscatorial recreations. In a brief glance like the present, but little justice can be done to a locality of such beauty and importance.

### THE HOTELS.

The Clarendon is the most southerly of the large Saratoga hotels. It is situated upon high ground and surrounded by old shade trees. The main building has a frontage of about one hundred feet on Broadway, and extends back two hundred feet. The Clarendon contains two hundred and forty sleeping rooms and twelve private parlors, with three public parlors, and the dining-room will comfortably seat three hundred and fifty guests. An inviting feature of the Clarendon is its broad, cool piazza, extending across the front end and around the sides of the main building. The park is shaded by large trees. The lawn is threaded by gravelled paths that lead to the Washington Spring, which is upon the grounds. The Clarendon Hotel is owned by Mr. Charles E. Leland, its present proprietor. He has made many extensive alterations. This is a quiet and elegant hotel, and the parlor of the Clarendon is seldom enlivened by dancing. Parlati's Band, of Albany, is expected to arrive about the 1st of July, this year. The hotel opens June 1st each season, and closes on the 1st of October.

The Grand Hotel is located on Broadway, opposite Congress Park, and has a frontage of four hundred feet. It is four stories in height, and surmounted with a mansard roof, above which are three high towers. The hotel is built of brick. In a wing is located the dining-hall, which occupies the entire first floor. The first story is almost entirely devoted to the dancing-hall. The latter is one hundred and fifty feet in length, by fifty in breadth. The piazzas extend nearly six hundred feet. The Grand Hotel contains six hundred and seventy rooms for guests, single and *en suite*, with several parlors. This hotel affords guests a fine view of Congress Park and the road leading to the Race-course and the Lake. The hotel has been but recently completed, and is conducted by Messrs. W. W. Leland & Co., the lessees. Gilmore's Jubilee Band has been engaged for this season.

Congress Hall is located on Broadway, adjoining the celebrated Congress Spring. It has a frontage of four hundred feet on Broadway. It is four stories in height, with a mansard roof, the whole surmounted by three towers, each thirty feet high. Morning and evening concerts are given by the band attached to the hotel during the season. The dining-room will seat six hundred guests. The ball-room, located in a separate building, is reached by a bridge thrown across the street from the second story of the hotel. A nightly hop is given during the month of July and August, and a grand ball is tendered to the guests semi-monthly. The hotel is conducted by Messrs. Hathorn & Southgate.

The Grand Union Hotel is the largest hotel in Saratoga. It extends along Broadway a distance of four hundred and fifty feet, occupying the entire space between Washington and Congress Streets. The main building is five stories high, and surmounted with a mansard roof, which is, in turn, embellished with three towers. The entire building, with the exception of the centre wing, is built of brick. The front piazza extends about three hundred feet. The grand saloon is one hundred by forty-eight feet in length.

Probably no hotel in America has a finer vestibule. The floor is laid with marble. The dining-room will seat one thousand people. The grounds in the rear of the Grand Union are shaded by large trees. The cottages on these grounds contain sufficient rooms furnished and provided for the accommodation of a large family. There is a building devoted to bathing-rooms. The ball-room is a one-story building, with sleeping apartments at the sides. The Grand Union contains eight hundred and ten rooms. Mr. A. T. Stewart, the owner, has expended a large sum of money in decorating the hotel for this season. The hotel is conducted by Messrs. Breslin, Gardner & Co., who are also the proprietors of the Gilsey House and the Metropolitan Hotel in New York City. The manager is Mr. James H. Breslin, the senior partner, who has been connected with Saratoga hotels for eighteen years.

The new United States Hotel is being rapidly built, and its projectors confidently expect to complete it in time to open for the season of 1874. It is being erected upon the site of the old United States Hotel, the funds having been raised by the issuing of bonds. When completed it will have a frontage on Broadway of two hundred and twenty-six feet, on Division street of five hundred feet, and on the railroad of one hundred and fifty-four feet—making an entire frontage of eight hundred and eighty feet. The main building will be five stories, and the wing four stories in height. The building will contain nine hundred rooms, and the entire length of its piazzas will reach half a mile.

Broadway at the Town Hall is the dividing line between the business and the residence portion of Saratoga. Between this point and the large hotels Broadway is lined with stores; while in the other direction are residences, small hotels and boarding-houses. Continuing to the northward, the street leads to Glen Mitchell, a pretty road-house situated one and a half miles from Saratoga. Broadway in this locality is lined on either side with large elm trees, so high and extensive that their branches meet in the centre of the road, forming a green canopy through which the rays of the sun are seldom felt. The ground in this vicinity is also much elevated, and the romantic nature of the surroundings, combined with the habitual coolness of the atmosphere, render it a favorite promenade in the earlier and later portion of the day. Messrs. Amersley & Vint, of Albany, propose to show three or four hundred superior American and foreign pictures in the Town Hall for a month or six weeks during July and August. They will contribute to the exhibition their own collections, with that of ex-Mayor Carroll, of Troy. Other favorite pictures will be added; and those of Messrs. Amersley & Vint will be offered at public sale.

Three large hotels of Saratoga—Congress Hall, the Grand, and the Grand Union—may be seen from the Congress Spring, which is located very nearly at the junction of Congress Street and Broadway. Facing the Grand Hotel, the road at the left leads to the Geyser Spring, that at the right to Glen Mitchell, and that in the rear to the Race-course and Saratoga Lake. The vicinity of the Congress Spring during the early hours of the morning is full of animation. From all the hotels may be seen ladies in elegant toilets, hastening to the rendezvous beside the sparkling waters, with attentive beaux bearing to them the fashionable and healthful beverage. Here, too, many a girl makes her modest and timid debut, and near them may be seen old *habitués*, who have been attracted here for years. Here, too, may be witnessed a very animated scene about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the rich and happy visitors dash out upon the road to the Lake in their elegant carriages and behind their fleet teams. Congress Park itself has many attractions, and the pedestrian may while away the idle hours very pleasantly in threading its winding walks, in sitting beneath its shady trees, and in watching the gambols of the graceful deer that fatten upon its grassy lawns.

In the soft Summer evenings, a thousand ladies, in full dress, with gentlemen of business seeking relaxation, sit upon the piazzas of the hotels, affording a scene somewhat subdued in the twilight and gaslight, but still brilliant in its lights and shades. Indeed, we might call these piazzas the proscenium-boxes of the life-drama at the Spa. A very pleasant, oftentimes magnificent, drama, where art contends with nature, under the Summer stars.

Next week we shall continue our sketches of Saratoga, with views of the most noted and beautiful places of fashionable resort in the neighborhood.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Natives of the Caucasus on the Eve of a Foray.

The traveler who is adventurous enough to explore the Caucasus, south of Mount Elbrus, will encounter some of the wildest and most savage scenery in the world. Nowhere in Europe, at least, are cloud-capped mountains and gloomy valleys so jumbled together in grand and misty confusion, and on no other portion of the continent are the inhabitants more rude and lawless, or the women possessed of less gentleness or comeliness. The people of this inhospitable region live in straggling villages, each individual house of which is a sort of fortress, built of stone, in the midst of impregnable sheds of the same material, in which the cattle of the proprietors are nightly secured from the depredations of the robber. Several attempts have been made to bring these "Children of the Mist" within the bounds of a better civilization, but in vain for so far, as the very children go armed like brigands, and in every possible sort of ragged attire; while the men, in their strange and picturesque costume, such as we find represented in our engraving, lead a sort of predatory life, characterized, at times, by great excesses and cruelties. The party shown in our illustration, with their sheepskin caps and gun-mufflers, and armed to the teeth, are on the eve of a foray. They have received intelligence that travelers or enemies are about to pass that way; and, concealing themselves among the rocks beneath the forest seen in the background, they await the signal of their mounted comrade, who is evidently keeping a sharp lookout.

### Ladies' Golf at Bideford, Devon.

The first ladies' golf course was laid out in St. Andrews, Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1867, where, as may be presumed, the first game was played. While the ordinary game of golf places the putting-greens at distances varying from 150 to 650 yards, the ladies' links place the sites of the holes from 50 to 120 yards apart. The golfer goes out armed with from seven to twelve or more clubs, carried for him by a man or boy called a caddie, while the golfing lady carries but one club, a putter. Great, however, and varied is the interest that arises from the skillful use of that one club. Either with two opponents, or with two arrayed against two, and playing alternate stroke, the interest, as the game progresses from hole to hole, never flags. No sooner is one hole won or lost, than there is a keen contest for the next. Though the game is best played on a sandy soil, where the herbage is short and sheep-fed, and where the ground is not too level except near the holes, yet the game of ladies' golf can be well played on many commons where the grass is well fed down, and on all well-mown and good-sized lawns during the Summer and

Autumn months. The course usually consists of twelve or eighteen holes, but as some of the holes may be played twice, approaching them in a different direction, a smaller number will suffice. It is a cheap game. A putter costs about 4s. 6d., and, with fair play, will last for years. Gutta-percha balls cost from 1s. to 1s. 3d. each. With an occasional washing in cold water, with soap and an old nail brush, a few balls will last a long time. They may also have a fresh coat of white zinc paint. An iron cutter, a large punch about four inches in diameter, to cut the holes with, may be procured for a few shillings. When fresh holes are cut, the pieces of turf, punched out, serve, with a little fresh earth, to fill up neatly the old holes. The Westward Ho! Ladies' Golf Club, Devon, England, as seen in our illustration, consists of a lady president, appointed annually, who, with six other ladies, form a committee of management. Gentlemen come in as associate members. Two medals are annually played for, one in October, the other in Whitsun week. Besides these, extra prizes are competed for at both meetings, purchased out of the surplus funds. The ladies of North Devon do not confine their sport to the finer months of the year, but enjoy a game even in mid-winter, when it is reasonably dry under foot.

### The Russians in Central Asia—Troops Surrounded and Pursued.

Although the prowess and endurance of the Russian soldier admit of no doubt, both have been, at times, severely tested during the present Khivan expedition. Many stories of long and weary marches, and of terrible surprises, have already reached us; and sharp as the scouts were, descents the most destructive had frequently been made upon the invaders by hosts of barbarians, as they are termed, who seemed to spring from the very earth, as portrayed on page 264, and who, surrounding their victims, made but short work of most of them. Certainly, the case in this latter relation, as evidenced by our engraving, appears to be bad enough for the Russ. But, then, when we come to consider the thews and sinews of the North, we incline to the belief that the few subjects of the Czar here represented will find their way out of the scrape before they are totally annihilated.

### The Shah of Persia at Home—Reception Hall at Teheran.

The Persians are said to be the French of the East; but we fear the compliment has not been bestowed by a judicious pen; at least, we don't think it merited to the fullest extent. Their capital, Teheran, has not a single feature in common with Paris. The houses are built of sun-dried brick, the streets are wretchedly paved, and the whole city with its 70,000 inhabitants, although picturesque from a distance, possesses but few, if any, fine public buildings. They may, however, have earned the appellation from the fact of their being witty, frivolous, skeptical, and inclined to turn up their noses disdainfully at strangers; but after all it requires infinitely more than this to make even a passable counterpart of a real Frenchman. There is in Teheran, however, one structure which is said to be of real magnificence, and that is the royal residence and harem, with which is connected the Reception Hall represented in one of our illustrations. This is gorgeous in the extreme, and contains the throne, which is said to be a platform of pure white marble raised a few steps from the ground, and carpeted with shawls the most costly, and fabrics of gold. The whole interior of this apartment is profusely decorated with carving, gilding, arabesque and painting. Here Nasr-ed-Din rules supreme; but being now on a visit to our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, we are of the opinion that this wondrous chamber will undergo serious alterations when he returns to his dominions, after having sojourned for even a short period at London and Berlin.

### The Semik Festival at Whitsuntide, Moscow.

When nature is robed in her gayest attire, when the breezes are filled with the balm of full-blown flowers, and the woods are rich in shadow and in song, all Moscow goes forth in holiday attire to celebrate her great Whitsuntide Festival. Young and old, high and low, rich and poor, wander into shady places, where they weave garlands, to be thrown upon some bright stream with a view to divining what shall be the future of the owner. If a wreath flow away brightly and smoothly upon the face of the water without coming into rough contact with any other, or without whirling rudely about, peace, happiness and an early marriage are to be the result. But if, on the contrary, it is tossed turbulently hither and thither, or bruised in any way, hopeless celibacy or early death is presumed to be prognosticated. Our illustration gives a most excellent idea of this festival at its height, for it is not devoted to divination by flowers alone, but to merriment of every description, and especially to the drinking of the great national beverage, tea, steaming urns of which we almost hear singing in the foreground. Dancing, as will be perceived, is indulged in also, although we fear very much that the music of the three-stringed guitar is but poorly calculated to inspire it. The mujik and the boyar are alike indifferent to this, however, for mirth rules the hour; and the one, from his costly equipage, hears nothing but sweet strains, while the other is more engaged in watching the movements of the dancers than in analyzing the measures to which they trip. Although still observed in certain parts of Russia, this festival is falling somewhat into disuse—a circumstance which is to be regretted, although it may indicate to some extent the progress of civilization in the realms of the great Autocrat.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS KELLOGG is spoken of as the probable star of English opera here next season.

At the Bristol Musical Festival, in October, Mr. G. A. Macfarren's oratorio "John the Baptist" will be produced.

MR. HENRY SMART'S oratorio "Jacob" will be produced at the Glasgow Festival, in November, where Sir Michael Costa will conduct his "Eli."

THE Musical Standard prints the metronome tempi of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," as taken down by Moscheles from the composer's playing.

THE Summer season has set in at the various theatres now open here. The plays are light, and the audiences necessarily small in each warm weather.

WE are informed that Mr. Augustin Daly has engaged the Tamberlik Italian Opera Company for a limited season, beginning October 8th, at the Grand Opera House.

MESSRS. STRAKOSCH and MUZIO left Paris this week for Italy, to complete their engagements of artists for an operatic season in New York in the Fall, and also to purchase new scenery and costumes for "Aida," which is to be brought out in splendid style.

THE Gazette Musicale states that the Messrs. Strakosch will take the following artists to America in the Autumn: Mmes. Nilsson and Torriani; Signors Campanini, Capoul, Bonifantelli, Maurel, Dei Puente, Mannetti, and Scialoja; chef d'orchestre, Signor Arditi.

THE Buffalo Choral Union recently gave a grand concert in that city, which was largely attended and greatly applauded. The society is spoken of as likely to sing, ere long, in connection with Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. Carl Adam, the conductor of the Union, was presented on the occasion with a beautiful ring by the ladies of the society.

### PERSONAL.

FATHER BURKE will return in August.

CERTAIN army officers have determined to erect a monument at West Point to the memory of General Thayer.

KING LOUIS, of Bavaria, has subscribed 1,000 florins to the fund for raising a monument to the late Baron Liebig.

LEIGH SMITH, a wealthy Englishman, has started to the Arctic burying ground with an exploring expedition of his own.

THE Viceroy of Egypt has just hired the chalets of the late emperor, at Vichy. He will occupy the one in which Napoleon III. lodged.

QUEEN VICTORIA lately discharged a number of laborers upon her estate at Osborne for asking sistance a day additional pay and an hour less work.

FIFTY THOUSAND pounds sterling and an album have been presented to the Pope as an atonement for the blasphemous language of a Roman journal.

THE successor of M. Lebrun as senior member of the French Academy is M. Guizot, now aged 86. The youngest is M. Emile Olivier, who is only 48.

MRS. MARY WADSWORTH, M. D., a female physician, who emigrated from New Hampshire to Turkey, was recently married to a Russian surgeon named Bassin.

CAPTAIN C. H. WELLS, of the United States steamship Shenandoah, was appointed by President Thiers a member of the Legion of Honor, for his late reception of him on board that vessel while at Havre.

THE Earl of Leicester, on whom Queen Victoria has conferred the Order of the Garter, vacant by the death of Lord Zetland, is a special favorite of her Majesty, and the greatest agriculturist of his class in England.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON'S eldest son, Patrice, is a candidate for admission to the School of St. Cyr. His other sons, Emmanuel and Eugene, are students at the College of Versailles, and in the most democratic way associate with tradesmen's sons.

THE King of Italy has just presented to the Empress of Russia a marvelous table in mosaic, of Florence manufacture, from the studio of Enrico Bost. It is round, and about four feet in diameter. The design represents Apollo and the Nine Muses.

THE reigning beauty in Rome at present is the Austrian Princess Furstenburg—a great dark woman, with man-like black hair, a huge coiffure, large black eyes, rich skin, heroic features, and a Venus of Milo form. One can hear her talk and laugh three saloons off.

GENERAL BRODISSE has resigned the functions of chief of the Bavarian artillery. His period of service dates from 1804, when he entered the army as a trumpeter. He has served continuously for 69 years, passing through every grade up to that of lieutenant-general.

GLADSTONE is said to be literally killing himself with overwork. He will not take any rest, and insists on attending to all the details that might just as well be done by subordinates. His physicians' advice has no influence, and if the Premier dies, they declare it will be a clear case of suicide.

THE six oldest living graduates of Harvard at the last commencement were, the Hon. Samuel Thacher, of 1793; the Hon. Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, of 1797; Judge Willard Hall, of Delaware, and Mr. Samuel Dunn Parker, of 1799; the Hon. William Minot, of 1802; and the Hon. James Savage, of 1803—all men of learning, ability and reputation. The year is not yet ended, and three of the six, the oldest and the two youngest, have passed away.

### WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

WIENIAWSKI goes to California.

RECORDER HACKETT goes to Saratoga.

EX-SENATOR JAMES NYE has gone to Europe.

THEODORE RITTER, the pianist, summers in London.

GOVERNOR DIX has taken his family to Saratoga.

JUDGE INGRAHAM has sent his family to Saratoga.

THE REV. NEWMAN HALL comes to this country in August.

MISS CHARLOTTE LECLERCQ will pass the Summer in England.

POTTER PALMER, of Chicago, has taken a cottage at Long Branch.

BLACQUE BEY, the Turkish Ambassador, goes to Narragansett Pier.

ADMIRAL PORTER will soon start on a European tour for his health.

OLAF STENENSEN, the Swedish Minister, feeds on sea-foam at Newport.

DR. H. C. POTTEE, of Grace Church, N. Y., will occupy his Newport cottage.

THE HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT takes his family to Schooler's Mountain, N. J.

MAYOR COLES, of Aiken, S. C., makes his fortieth annual visit to Saratoga Springs.

MISS NELSON will rest in England during the Summer, and return in the Autumn.

EX-MAYOR GUNTHER and family have secured apartments at Watkin's Glen, N. Y.

EX-SENATOR HALE, of New Hampshire, intends spending the Summer at West Point.

M. DELFOSSE, the Belgian Minister, will join a cluster of foreign representatives at Newport.

THE French Minister, Marquis de Noailles, has taken a villa on Narragansett Avenue, Newport.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL, the author, is at his Summer home on the Connecticut River, in New Hampshire.

THE gentlemen composing the Mixed Claims Commission have settled at Newport for their Summer work.

EX-GOVERNOR HOFFMAN and party have completed their trip to Italy and Germany, and will pass the season in Paris.

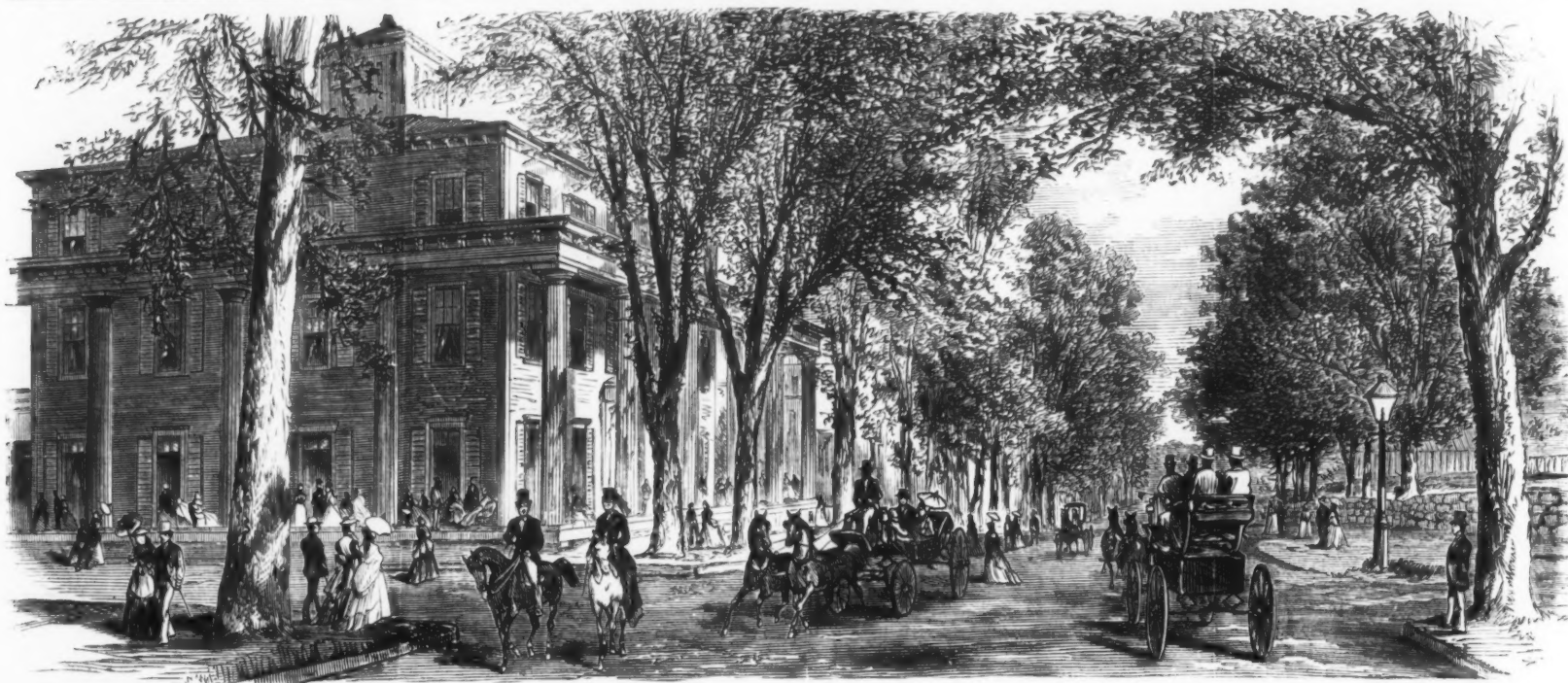
PROFESSOR GOUDSMIT, of the University of Leyden, Holland, will pass the Summer in studying the institutions of the United States.

PROFESSOR DANIEL C. EATON, of Yale College, proposes to make a botanizing excursion to the White Mountains, in company with a party of students, this Summer.

J. B. BOOTH and family, F. B. Conway and family, J. B. Proctor and family, and B. W. Thayer and family, will occupy cottages at Manchester, Mass., this Summer, as usual.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON is in the doctor's hands, and very ill. It is expected he will accept the invitation of Mrs. Governor Claflin, and spend the Summer, at her cottage in Cohasset.





Clarendon Hotel.

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH.

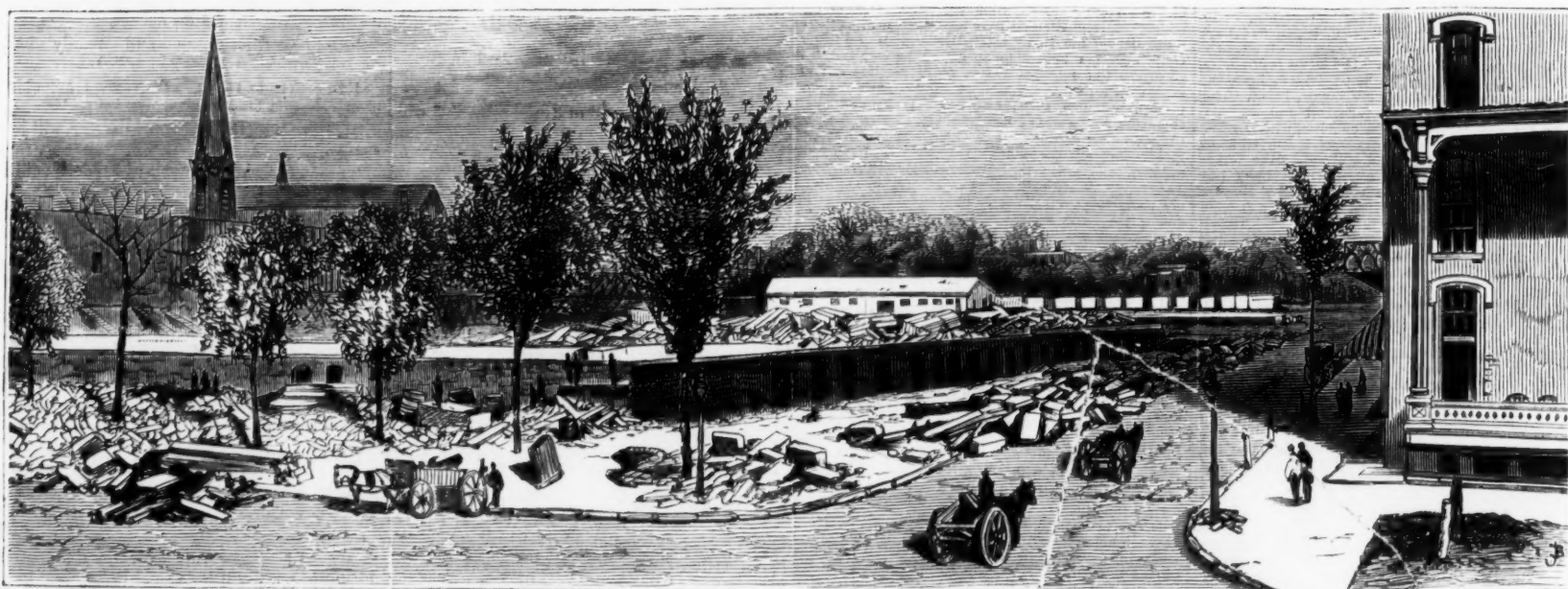


Grand Hotel.

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH.

Congress Hall Hotel.

Congress Park.



Division Street, leading to Railroad Depot.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL, NOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Albermarle Hotel.

SARATOGA, THE FASHIONABLE SPA OF AMERICA.—VIEWS ON BROADWAY, THE PRINCIPAL STREET.—SEE PAGE 267.





Walworth Mansion.

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH.

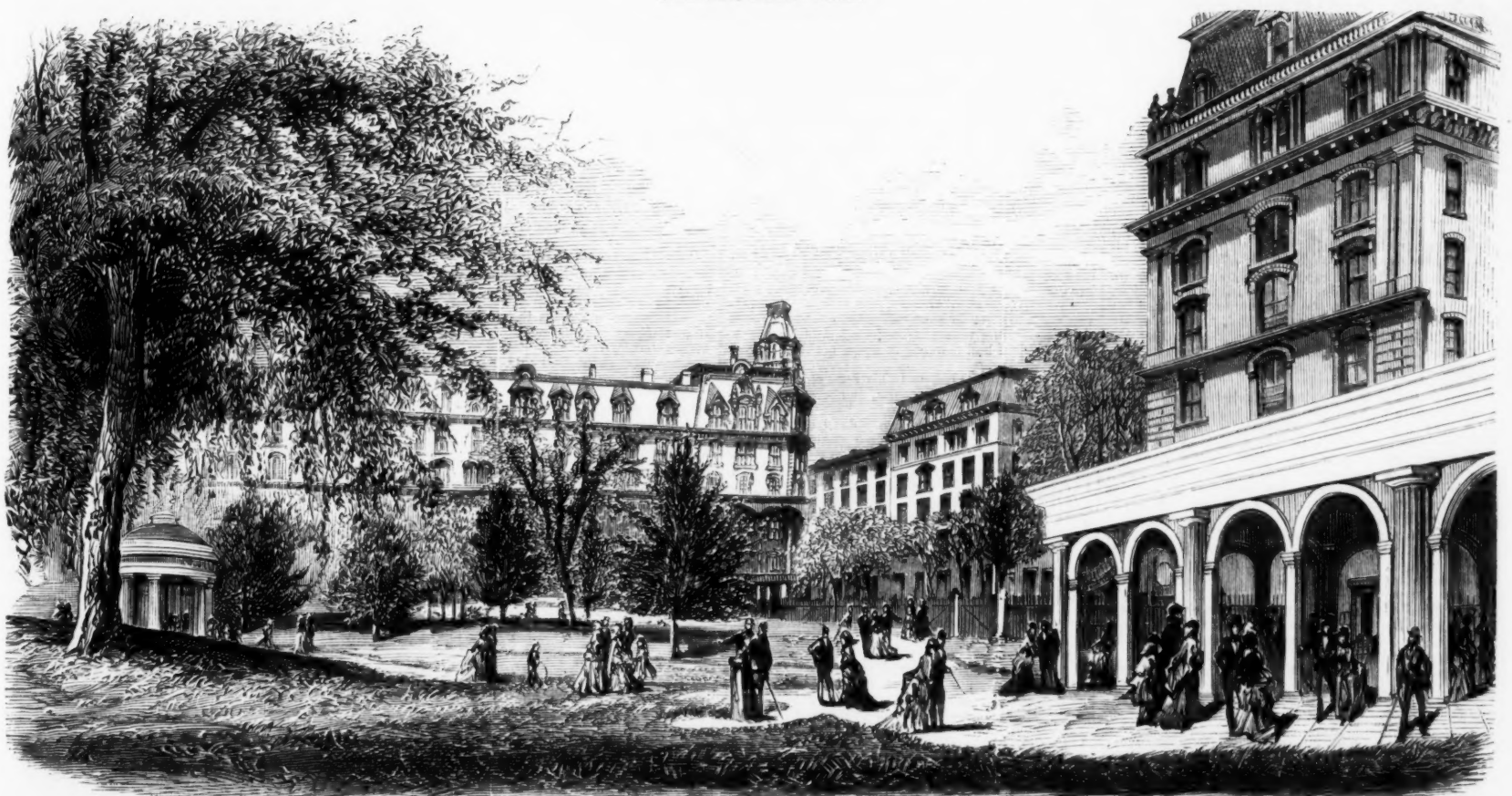
Town Hall.

Ainsworth Block.



Grand Union Hotel.

BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH.



Columbian Spring.

Grand Hotel.

Grand Union Hotel.

Congress Hall Hotel.

Congress Spring.

VIEW FROM CONGRESS SPRING PARK, SHOWING THREE OF THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS.

SARATOGA, THE FASHIONABLE SPA OF AMERICA.—VIEWS ON BROADWAY, THE PRINCIPAL STREET.—SEE PAGE 267.



## SUNSET WINGS.

BY  
DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

TO-NIGHT this sunset spreads two golden wings  
Cleaving the western sky;  
Winged, too, with wind it is, and winnowings  
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings  
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway  
Above the dove-cote-tops;  
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,  
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,  
By turns in every cove:

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives;  
But for the whirr within,  
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;  
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves  
Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-edding flight,  
To many a refuge tend;  
With the first light she laughed, and the last light  
Glews round her still; who naught in the night  
At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable  
Together sail and soar,  
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,  
Unto the heart they seem to cry Farewell,  
No more, farewell, no more!

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?  
And, oh! thou dying day,  
Even as thou goest must she too depart,  
And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart  
As will not fly away?

## INNOCENT:

## A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY  
MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—AN APPEAL.

"INNOCENT! you here, and alone—where are the others?" cried Sir Alexis, taking both her hands.

"I have come—because I promised," said Innocent—"no one knows. You were to help me if I wanted help; I have come—for that. If I ever wanted to go away—to have some one to help me—that was what you said. Surely you recollect?"

"Recollect!—yes, I recollect," he said, in agitation and dismay, and led her to a seat. "My dear child, tell me what it is—I will walk home with you," he said, in his confusion, not knowing what other suggestion to make.

"But I do not want to go home," said Innocent. "I came to you to help me. I have a great deal to tell you; but if they see me they will take me back; they will not understand. Oh, keep me here! help me, as you said—"

"Innocent! you bewilder me. What has happened—what can I do? But, whatever I can do, my dear child, it will be better for you to be at home."

"I do not think so," she said; "and I have been thinking a great deal—I have been very unhappy; there is a great deal, a very great deal to tell you. But for thinking of you I do not know what I should have done. It was because you said so yourself that I have come—"

"Yes, my dear," he said, "I did say so—and this house is yours, and everything in it. You shall stay if you will—you shall do with it as you please. I am grieved—grieved to the heart that you should be unhappy. Have confidence in me—I will do everything for you that I could do for—my own child!"

"Thanks," she said, gently; "you were always kind;" and then seemed to fall into a half-reverie—a dreamy, self-absorbed pause. "I have so much to tell you," she resumed, "I don't know where to begin—"

"Tell me first why you left home?" he asked. A faint color came upon her cheek. "That comes last of all," she said, "and till you hear the first you will not understand. Frederick has come home. He lives with us again as he used to do; and last night—we talked—and he said he loved me. He must not love me; it is terrible so much as to think of it, after what has happened. And how could I live there and see him every day when that is what he is thinking? So I remembered you, and came to you to help me. Now, please, I want to go away—to stay there no longer. Take me, as you said you would—take me away."

"Innocent, do you understand what you are saying?" he asked, once more taking both her hands in his. Her words roused him out of all secondary feelings. There was no passion left in his steady, middle-aged soul for any woman; but this strange creature had charmed him by her strangeness, her rarity, the pathos of her beauty. She had refused him as few men are refused, and now had she come to offer herself to him? Middle-aged as he was, he could not refuse to be moved by a quickening thrill of excitement; nothing could have made him an impassioned lover, but he was glad to have her, and his heart grew fond and tender as he held her hands. "Innocent!" he repeated, "do you mean this? Think! Do not encourage me and then disappoint me. There is but one way that I can take you anywhere. You must marry me first; do you know?"

She shrank a little, instinctively, looking at him all the time with serious eyes, which shrank not, and then said, slowly, "Yes—I know."

He was so startled by this assent, so taken by surprise, and, at the same time, so put upon his guard by all the decorums and punctilios of which she knew nothing, that he made no such response as a lover might have made. He kissed the small, slender, girlish hands one after another with reverential fervor. "Thanks, a thousand times, for your generous confidence," he said. "I hope I am worthy of the trust. It is settled between us, then, of your free will, Innocent—of your free will? you will be my wife?"

"Yes," she said, once more, grave as if she were uttering the sentence of her own fate. He bent over her, and kissed her forehead; then rising hastily, rang the bell.

"Go to my sister," he said, giving his orders at the door of the room, orders which Innocent neither heard nor comprehended, "and ask her to come to me at once. She will do me a great service if she will be here in half an hour." Then he came back, and sat down by his future bride.

"Innocent, my darling, now that this is settled between us, you can speak to me with confidence. What is it? Frederick would not, could not, have been rude to you? He is a gentleman, at least. It is well for me, however, that this has happened; but tell me, dear, what it was?" he said, drawing

her close to him. It seemed incredible to see her there in his house, bestowing herself upon him, she who only the other day had been so startled by his advances. He was flattered, touched, startled, full of wonder, not knowing what to do or to say.

"Yes," said Innocent, with a sigh. "But there is a great deal to tell you first. Perhaps, when I have told you, you will cease to care, you will be angry, you will not want me. You say No; but you don't know what I have to say."

"Nothing you can say will affect me, my dear," he said, with almost fatherly fondness, and an incredulous admiring smile.

"Ah, but you do not know," cried Innocent; and then her voice fell into a low strain of narrative—gentle, yet penetrating and clear as a bell. "I was sent down to the High Lodge—"

"Has it something to do with that?" said the new bridegroom, gradually becoming conscious of an elevation of feeling more fitted to the occasion. "Then let us put off talking of it. You have been ill, my poor child; your pretty cheek is pale; you are looking worn and thin. You shall go to Italy, to Pisa, Innocent—"

"Ah!" she said, with a deep sigh, long drawn out, and tremulous; "but first you must hear."

"Not first, my darling—after, when we have spoken of things more important. We will go to Longueville first, and then to Italy. You shall take me to your old home, and we shall find your old Niccolo—"

"Ah!" she said again, this time with a slight nervous shiver; "but you must hear—first you must hear. When I tell you, perhaps, it will change everything. I was sent to the High Lodge; but it is not about that—Frederick saw me in the church, and took me to see his wife."

"Is it about Frederick and his wife? I am tired of Frederick. You are trembling, Innocent. Leave this story for another time. It cannot make any difference to me."

"To see his wife," said Innocent, going on in a low, steady tone, as if, once started, she had no longer power to stop. "She was ill. She used to have fits of being angry. She would raise her voice and scold every one, it did not matter whom, even Frederick. He was very kind to me—he always was very kind."

"Enough about Frederick," said Sir Alexis, with some impatience. "Innocent, you cannot think that your cousin is particularly interesting to me."

"Do not be angry," she said, with an appealing look. "He took me to his wife. I staid with her a long time. She made me read to her; sometimes she was angry, sometimes she was kind. I read and read; and then I fell asleep—"

"Selfish cur!" cried Sir Alexis, "to put the nursing of that terrible wife of his upon you."

"I woke up to hear her scolding. Oh, how red she was! how her eyes blazed! She shook me and called to me, and cried that she would strike me. I was not half awake; I was trembling—"

"Poor Innocent, you are trembling now. My darling, what does all this matter? Another time will do—"

"I had to drop the drops," said Innocent, sinking her voice lower. "I had never done it before. My hand shook, and she scolded, and I could not. At last—oh, do not be angry—she seized it out of my hand, and drank it. Listen! she drank it—and then she died. Do you know what that means? I killed Frederick's wife!"

"Good God! Innocent!"

"I was afraid—I was afraid—I knew you would be angry!" she cried.

Sir Alexis withdrew the arm he had put round her. He was speechless with wonder and horror.

"Good God!" he repeated when he had found his voice; "what did you do?"

"What did I do?" she asked, vaguely, looking at him with wonder and incomprehension.

"Yes; you alarmed the people, of course? You told them what had happened?—you had everything done that could be done? How strange that I should have heard nothing of all this!" he said, rising to his feet.

Innocent's heart sank within her. She looked up at him with anxious eyes, into which the tears were coming. She was guilty of killing Frederick's wife; but of all this that came after—this, which she ought to have done, and did not—no one had ever told her. She made him no reply save by her look, by the big tears that rose into her eyes.

He had risen from her side rather in excitement and dismay than with any intention of deserting the poor child who had thus thrown herself upon him. When his eyes returned to her, and he met her piteous look, his heart melted. He came back and sat down by her again. "Poor Innocent," he said, "poor little bewildered child! What did you do?"

"I came home," she said, shivering. "When they told me she was dead, I could not stay any longer. It was dark night—very late. I never was out so late before. I came home—"

"And you never told them?—you did not say what you had done?"

"Do not be angry," said poor Innocent, bursting into sobs that were piteous to hear.

He took her into his arms, and did what he could to comfort her. Poor child!—poor man! who had bound himself unawares to her foolish fate!

"I am not angry," he said to her; "my poor child, how could I be angry? Innocent, Innocent!—you must compose yourself. You must stop crying, and let me think what it is best to do."

Just then the door opened hastily, and Mrs. Barclay bustled in, smiling and rustling, and gay, with her ample silken skirts and cheerful countenance.

"What is all this, Alexis?" she said. "What do you want me for in such a hurry? What do you mean by having young ladies here? Ah! Innocent, my sweet! I had it borne in upon me that it must be you."

Sir Alexis stumbled up to his feet, and Innocent checked her sobs as by magic, and turned wondering to the new-comer.

"My dear sister, you have judged rightly," he said. "Innocent has come to me about a difficulty she is in. I will now go to your aunt and see about it, my darling, and my sister will take care of you. Lucilla, this is Lady Longueville that is to be. You are the first to know it. You will take care of my poor little darling? She is ill and nervous; give her some wine, or tea, or something, and make her lie down and rest."

"That I will," said kind Mrs. Barclay. "I'll take care of her—the little puss! I knew this was coming. I said it all along from the very first day you saw her, Alexis; and I hope she'll be a sweet little wife to you, as good as she's pretty. I could not say more than that. My dear brother, how I wish you joy!"

And she kissed him heartily, and kissed Innocent, and laughed and cried in honest pleasure—the strangest contrast to the grave emotion, the piteous self-abandonment upon which she came, like the very angel of commonplace life, good-humor, and kindly feeling. She went with her brother to the door, shaking hands with him in her satisfaction.

"Do you mean to say there has been some quarrel with the Eastwoods?" she asked, in an undertone.

"No quarrel; but something. I don't quite know what. Make her rest, Lucilla, and don't allow her

to talk. Let me find her well when I return—for then we must decide what to do."

"Trust me—I'll take care of her," said the cheerful woman, and in another moment Innocent found herself all alone with this stranger, in a new world, deserted by everybody, everything strange around her, except the kind words which she was used to hear, though not from this voice. Her head swam, and there was a ringing as of bells in her ears. But amid the desolation and pain she felt, there was also a sense of calm pervading her whole soul.

Sir Alexis, too, felt very much like a man in a dream as he took his hat. He walked along the suburban road toward The Elms, with his mind full of strange and painful deliberations. He never doubted that things were as she had said, and that Amanda's death had really been caused by the excessive opiate. Had Innocent alarmed the house at once, had she called for instant help, and informed the attendants what had happened, she might indeed have regretted and grieved all her life, but she would have been delivered from all blame. But—God help the child!—she had done everything, on the contrary, to draw suspicion upon her, to give an air of real guilt to her proceedings. Thus he went on with a very anxious face to The Elms, where Innocent's absence had just been discovered with consternation. Nelly had been searching for her through the garden, and came in breathless through the conservatory, as Sir Alexis entered by the drawing-room door.

"She is not in the garden," he heard Nelly say, in a tone of fright and anxiety.

The ladies were both pale, and looked at each other with miserable embarrassment when he came in. Here was one of those domestic agonies which women have to suffer so often—a terrible emergency demanding all their thoughts, and an indifferent visitor suddenly thrust into it, to whom they must say nothing, betray nothing. Sir Alexis relieved them, however, at once of their pain.

"You are anxious about Innocent?" he said. "I have come at once to relieve you. She is with me—that is, with my sister—she is quite safe—"

"With you, Sir Alexis? Where did you find her? She must have gone out—for a walk—"

"She has gone out—for a walk—"

"We are old friends," cried Sir Alexis, taking Mrs. Eastwood's hand. "We have known a great deal about each other for years. Do not let it vex you that I know this. Innocent has told me everything; she has put herself in my hands."

"Innocent—has put herself in your hands?—Are we dreaming, Nelly?" cried Mrs. Eastwood, struck by the apparent slight, the apparent abandonment, and looking at her visitor with mingled offense, mortification and wonder. "Do you mean that she has gone to you—from us—Sir Alexis, this cannot be the child's doing. It is an unpardonable interference—an intrusion—"

"Hear me first," he said. "I am guiltless in the matter. It is the child's own doing. Something frightened her—about Frederick—I cannot tell you what. I had told her that I was at her service if ever she wanted me. You know how one says such words. She came to me this morning—she has consented to be my wife," he went on, gravely, after a pause—"of her own will, and she has told me all her story. Naturally, I have come to you at once."

There was a pause—they looked at each other, each uncertain what was the next step to be taken—the next word to be said.

"She has consented," Mrs. Eastwood repeated in dismay. "Sir Alexis, I am her nearest relation, her only guardian; I cannot let you suffer for the sake of honor. When you spoke to her first there was no such cloud upon her, poor child. I cannot let you take our burden upon yourself."

"I do not object to the burden," he said, gravely—"with her I accept it, such as it is. I do not ask for your sanction, because you gave it formally—you authorized my addresses to her. The question is now what can we best do to set this painful business at rest—to prove that it was mere accident—a chance that might happen to any one—"

"It is a delusion!" cried Mrs. Eastwood. "A mere delusion! there is nothing in it. Oh, Sir Alexis, believe me, though my children doubt, I hastened down to Sterborne as soon as Innocent came back; I got there on Monday morning—I saw all Mrs. Frederick's family, every one concerned; the doctor assured me positively that she died of heart-disease, as he had expected for years she would. Nobody had the slightest thought of Innocent as in any way involved. There is not a suspicion—not an idea—in any mind but her own."

Sir Alexis had risen as she began this statement, and gradually went forward to her, holding out his hands. Mrs. Eastwood rose, too, half sobbing, as she concluded, and gave him hers.

"Is this true?" he cried, with the water in his eyes—the unspeakable sense of relief proving to him, for the first time, what a horrible weight had been lying on his heart.

"Absolutely true!" she said, through her tears—feeling, as she said it, convinced by his faith, and by the intensity of her own words. "What could be more sure? Every word she said to him was fact, as distinct and clear as it could be expressed—and yet—"

Sir Alexis's relief was so great that he rose into instant exhilaration and happiness. He dismissed the subject for the moment, and unfolded to Innocent's guardian all he meant and wished to do. No end could be served, he said, by delay. He wished to marry her as soon as possible, to take her to Longueville, to Italy, to restore the freshness of her mind by new scenes. And the others, glad of the relief, entered into this lighter talk, and became almost merry over Innocent's prospects. Yet Sir Alexis left The Elms almost with as grave a countenance as he had entered it. When the conversation returned to the subject of poor Innocent's "delusion," the further information they gave him brought back painful uncertainty to his mind. Was it simple delusion, after all—or was there something true at the bottom—something which might still produce grief and sorrow to her, unhappy, and to all concerned?

## CHAPTER XL.—FAMILY OPINIONS.

IT was thought best that Innocent should be brought back that evening to The Elms, where Mrs. Barclay accompanied her, full of smiles and congratulations.

"Since he could not have the one, my dear, he set his heart upon having the other," she said to Mrs. Eastwood; "otherwise I am sure he would never have married at all. He had made up his mind to have one of your girls. A good mother makes a good daughter; that has always been the doctrine in our family—and, oh, how glad I am that the old stock is not to be allowed to die out! It will be such a disappointment to the Huntly Longuevilles, they never could bear Alexis; and I am sure if I once saw him with a nice wife and a young family, I would wish for nothing more in this world—"

"We must not go so fast," said Mrs. Eastwood. "Oh, no, of course we must say nothing about that," said Mrs. Barclay, nodding and laughing in supreme satisfaction.

She and her brother remained to dinner, and but

for the moroseness of Frederick, who contemplated the whole matter with almost savage dissatisfaction, the evening would have been a more cheerful one than the Eastwood family had passed for some time. Frederick, however, was half frantic in his opposition when the party dispersed. He asked his mother how she could permit such a sacrifice—how she could allow such a child to pledge herself to a man old enough to be her grandfather? "If you call that love for Innocent, I don't know what love means," he said.

"It is Innocent's own doing," said his mother, in self-defense; "it is she alone who is responsible. I have had nothing to do with it—for I feel as you do, Frederick—to some extent."

"To some extent! I don't know how you can limit the extent," he cried, in fiery indignation—"and how about this—what do you call it?—this fancy—this delusion? She ought not to be allowed to go out of the family with such a notion in her mind."

"Frederick, I am afraid you will be annoyed," said poor Mrs. Eastwood. "I was very much distressed myself. She—told him everything; though, indeed, if they are to be married, it was indispensable that he should know—"

Frederick almost loomed at the mouth with rage and vexation. He refused to believe that Innocent could have done anything of the kind of her own initiative. He insisted that some one had suggested it, that she had been frightened—that the idea had been put into her mind. After the improvement and amelioration of his manners, to which they had been gradually getting accustomed, he went to the very furthest bound of their endurance. He would be no party to the arrangement, he declared—they might carry it out if they would, but without him. Frederick, indeed, was stung to the quick by what seemed to him the most manifold and most complicated invasion of his rights. Innocent had been his slave since ever he knew her, and she was to be taken from him, and the secret of her delusion, or whatever it was, was exposed to a stranger. His wife's death, and Innocent's connection with it, whatever that might be, all talked of, discussed, pulled to pieces by others!

By degrees he became less sore, and began to think that he understood the latter incident, and how Innocent, feeling what a great gulf lay between them now, now that he knew what had happened, had fled to Sir Alexis from her own despair and his. This made him less sore, but not less sorry.

Altogether, that night brought him little comfort. He was impatient, unhappy, irritable, nay, furious; and, naturally, his fury fixed upon those who deserved it least—upon his mother and sister, who were absolutely innocent, and upon Sir Alexis, who had been brought into the matter by appeal, without any action of his.

It was some days after this before he could even secure a chance of speaking to Innocent alone. They kept her from him watchful, yet so naturally, that, much as he chafed, he could say nothing—and Longueville was there in the evenings, filling him with suppressed rage. At last fortune favored him, and he found her for a few minutes alone.

"Innocent," he said, "I fear you are going to take a very foolish step. Who has advised you to it? You ought not to marry Longueville—a man whom you cannot care for—a man so much older than yourself."

Innocent shrank from him into the corner of the sofa where she was sitting. She made no answer, but she shrank unquestionably, which made him more angry still.

"You are very foolish; because you have been unhappy, you determine to be more unhappy, to leave no way of escape for yourself. If you marry that man you can have no sympathy with him. He is older than your father. Was there no one else in the world to help you, Innocent, that you should have referred to him?"

"Do not be angry," sighed Innocent, softly, turning upon him her anxious, deprecating eyes. "No one else offered to help me. He is very kind—"

"Oh, kind!" cried Frederick; "is any one unkind? When you say such a thing you accuse us all. Surely I could have helped you better than Longueville—"

"Not you, Frederick," said the girl. She did not withdraw her eyes from him, but a faint flush came upon her face.

"Why not? You are thinking of this business about—my wife. That was no reason why you should turn from me. Innocent, be wise in time, and give this man up."

He did not remember that she too had suggested to him to give up his marriage, with more simplicity, but not less unreasonableness. She shook her head half sadly, half smiling. She had no wish to marry Sir Alexis. The thought, indeed, filled her with vague alarm when it occurred to her. But he had taken her burden on his shoulders—he had promised to set it right; and Innocent, not asking any questions, had been able to believe him. Such help no one else in the world had offered her. It seemed the only thing she understood or cared for in her life.

Thus the time stole away—the interval between this rapid settlement of affairs and the marriage-day, which was so strangely unlike other marriage-days. Innocent had her *broussau* prepared like other brides, and The Elms was full of the excitement of the preparations. I am not even sure, notwithstanding all the circumstances involved which tempered the pleasure, that Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly did not derive a certain enjoyment from choosing her dresses, and buying her "things," and deciding how this and that was to be made. If you despise Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly for this, my dear reader, I do not agree with you. The marriage itself was one in which they had no responsibility. They had not been consulted in it—it was Innocent's own doing—and considering all the circumstances, and the peculiarity of Innocent's character, it was, to Mrs. Eastwood at least, as she said, "a matter of great thankfulness," that Innocent had selected for herself so efficient a protector, so kind a guardian as Sir Alexis. "He will give her everything that this world can give," Mrs. Eastwood said, addressing an indignant meeting of her two younger boys which had been hastily convened on the occasion.

"He is very fond of her, and will consider her happiness in everything. He is an old friend of the family, and it need not trouble us to know that he is acquainted with all our circumstances." This last remark was intended for Frederick, who stood sullenly at the window, turning his back upon the others, with his figure relieved against the light.

"Our circumstances?" said Jenny. "Is there anything in our circumstances that may not be known to all the world?"

"That is all very well, mother," cried Dick, who was less observant, "but I don't know how you can make up your mind to give Innocent to an old foggy like Longueville. He looks a hundred and fifty. He has old ways of thinking, old habits—in short, he is an old foggy, neither more nor less—and she is eighteen. It is the sort of thing one reads of in novels. Such things don't happen in real life."

"My dear boy—"

"At least, they oughtn't to," said Dick; "and as for its being Innocent's own choice, what does she know about it? She has been seduced by all that trash of dress and flattery—"



Dick had spent half the precious morning helping to decide between a blue silk and a green one, and he was naturally wrathful (after it was over) at that loss of his valuable time.

"Innocent don't care for that sort of thing," said Jenny. "Has some one been hard upon her?—has some one worried her? I don't know what my mother means about our circumstances. I thought Innocent was to get the same as the rest of us. She may have my share, if that will keep her from marrying old Longueville. I don't see why she should want to marry any one—I don't."

"How can I explain it to you?" said poor Mrs. Eastwood; "a girl is not like a young man. If anything was to happen to me, what would become of Innocent?—who would take care of her? You, or you? Dick, who is going to India, or Jenny, who has his own way to make in the world—or Nelly? Nelly will have some one else to consult—"

"You put me out of the question altogether," said Frederick; "though surely I have a right to be considered—"

"You!—oh, Frederick!—when you know how impossible—how out of the question that would be—But Innocent has put it out of my hands, she has chosen Sir Alexis herself—and when I think how much more he can give her than I ever could—what advantages—what means of develop-

"The fact is, women are all mercenary," said Frederick; "they can't help it. Money carries the day with them, whatever the drawbacks. I have long known it. Innocent is simple enough in other things—but in this she is like all the rest."

And thus the family convulsion broke up—even Jenny, who was his mother's champion, being unable to see his way to her defense in this particular. Dick gave up the question with more light-heartedness, being unaffected by theories, but Jenny went back to Oxford somewhat melancholy, wondering if, indeed, "all women" were to be condemned wholesale—or whether there could be any other meaning in his mother's allusion to the circumstances which could be trusted to Sir Alexis.

The effect, however, upon the world at large was very different. In the opinion of the Molyneuxes, for instance, Mrs. Eastwood rose to a far higher degree of estimation than they had ever bestowed upon her before. They even thought that it might be as well that Ernest should be "settled," now that things had taken this turn. Nelly was not a bad match, all things considered, and to be married would probably settle Ernest, and the connection was good. Besides, when the mother had done so well for her niece, a poor girl whom she had "shamefully neglected," what might she not aspire to for her daughter? Ernest felt that now was the moment to conclude his long probation, as he chose to call it.

"Don't you think I have been kept hanging on long enough?" he said to Nelly, whom he found immersed in Innocent's business, one morning, when, very unexpectedly to them all, he sauntered into the drawing-room at The Elms.

"Kept hanging on?" said Nelly, with a surprise she did not attempt to conceal.

"Of course; you don't suppose it is of my own will that I have waited for you like this—almost as long as Jacob, eh, Nelly?—longer, I should say, considering how much faster things go nowadays."

"I did not know that you ever tried to shorten it," said Nelly, slowly, growing very red.

"I don't pretend to be able to subdue circumstances," said Molyneux; "we are all the victims of them, and I as much as other men. But it seems to me, Nelly, that now's our chance—now that Frederick has been providentially released from his incarceration, and that your mother has made this triumphant stroke, and booked old Longueville for Innocent—"

"Ernest! I will not permit such words—"

"Well, well, don't let us quarrel about the words—now that Sir Alexis is about to be made happy with the hand, etc. By Jove! you may say what you like, Nelly, but it is the cleverest coup I have heard of for a very long time. Altogether, the family is in luck; and if you play your cards well, and we can get hold of your mother when she is in a good humor—"

Poor Nelly's endurance had been greatly tried. Her troubles, which she dared not confide to her lover—the sense that he could not be trusted to enter into the closer circle of her family anxieties, and, consequently, that his sympathy with herself could never be complete—had long been gnawing at her heart and embittering all his careless words and irrelevant thoughts. She turned red and then pale, tremulous and then rigid, in the passionate tumult of feeling which took possession of her; but she kept herself calm with all her might, and answered him with an artificial coldness, which filled Molyneux half with ridicule, half with dismay.

"How am I to play my cards?" she said; "and what is it that you mean to ask from my mother when she is in a good humor?"

"Nelly," he said, half laughing, half angry, "what does this tragedy-queen air portend? Surely it is a little late to get on stilts with me. Of course, you know as well as I do what I have to propose to your mother. We can't marry without her help; the responsibility lies upon her of keeping you from being settled and done for. I and my people are ready enough. When I talk of playing your cards, I take it for granted you want our business to be decided as much as I do; and the very first step for us is to know how much she means to do."

"I look at it in a different way," said Nelly, plunging desperately into the centre of the question which she had so long avoided. "Ernest, now we must understand each other at last; I will not have any such proposal made to mamma. I will not—it does not matter what you say! If we cannot do with what we have and your profession, it is better to put an end to it altogether. I have not wished for anything, nor thought of anything beyond what we could afford," cried Nelly, suddenly, the tears coming in spite of her; "but I will not take our living from mamma!"

Molyneux was thunderstruck.

"Why, Nelly," he said, in the half-derisive, half-affectionate tone which had so often disarmed her, "you innocent little goose!" and he drew her within his arm. But Nelly was wrought to a point which did not admit of this treatment. She withdrew from his clasp, and stood fronting him, tears in her eyes, but resolution in her face.

"We must understand each other," she cried. "I have long tried to say it. Now I have had courage to speak, and I cannot go back. I will live as poorly as you like—if you like; but I will not fight with my own mother for money; I will not take our living from hers; I am determined. But I must not bind you," she added, faltering slightly, "if you think otherwise. If you think otherwise—if there is no other alternative, Ernest, I must set you free—"

"To speak to your mother?" he said with a laugh in which there was some relief. "I should have done it without all this declamation, Nelly."

"No—but to be free from me," said Nelly, folding closely together the hands which he tried to take.

(To be continued.)

## CLEANING OUT THE PEST-HOLES OF NEW YORK CITY.

DURING the past two Winters representatives of this newspaper made a thorough tour of the sections of the city where the extremely poor inhabitants were hedged in by walls of filth. Although we were intent upon special subjects, the condition of many tenements in the Fourth and Sixth Wards, both as regards the dangers of fire and of malaria, did not escape our attention. The illustrations published two years ago, of "Our Homeless Poor," from sketches made in Water, Batavia, and Baxter Streets, and Donovan's Lane, united in the strongest appeal for a mitigation of the evil of crowding human beings into cellars, where naught but rats would voluntarily congregate. Our sketches, exhibiting the home life of the musical Arabs that swarm New York and other cities could but add intensity to the appeal. The necessity for greater prevention against disease and fire was so palpable, that it was a wonder the authorities apparently did nothing to abate the dangers.

The last week, however, has seen strange sights transpiring. The Board of Health determined that certain rookeries and cellars should be vacated, and the Fourth Ward was attacked by the dislodging forces first. We could point out many basements that should be closed against human habitation in Oliver, Madison, Roosevelt, New Chambers, Oak, and other streets in that locality. The officers agreed to eject the underground lodgers of Cherry Street into fresh air, and so far they have done much good. A brief glimpse into these pest-holes as they were last Winter, or previous thereto, will convince the public of the beneficence of the movement.

The first house visited by our representatives was a rear wooden building on Mulberry Street, near the extension of Worth. In the back basement—an apartment about twelve feet square—there were seventeen lodgers. The two windows had long since lost their glass and frames, and a mass of old boots, quilts and petticoats prevented alike the ingress of light and fresh air and the egress of the foul air. Upon an old-fashioned bedstead lay a goat in happy unconsciousness, while chickens roosted on the mantel, and crowded at the midday lamp as if morning were just breaking. The inmates were of both sexes, and represented many nations. The flooring was partially held in position by the weight of the bed, and a packing-box with a cooking-stove on top, and whenever the accumulation of filth became too extensive, the boards were raised, and the rotting mass scooped beneath. This basement was frequently reported by the district inspector of the Board of Health; but it appeared that a wealthy resident of Long Island owned the premises, received a good rent from each floor, but refused necessary repairs. Four children were suddenly seized with spotted fever, contracted by the poisonous exhalation of the floor, and died.

Another place was kept by Mrs. Buckley, on the corner of Batavia and New Chambers Streets. She denied keeping boarders, and said that her daughter only lived with her. She was getting too old for such business, and depended entirely on charity. The basement received some air and light from the entrance, which was many steps beneath the sidewalk. The walls were green with mold, and the floors rotten.

In No. 14 Baxter Street were two human antiques, Mrs. Brogan and Bridget Harron. The latter was seventy years of age, and blind. They were found about midnight, sleeping in one corner of the dark, damp hovel, on a heap of musty shavings and rags. The daughter of one of the women was nearly blind with erysipelas. The walls were black with smoke and mold, the ceiling was broken, and many laths were swinging from the furring. The stench was intolerable.

The establishment of Mrs. Mara was near the Fourth Precinct Station House in Oak Street. She had eleven beds in her basement, and more lodgers than at any previous time, but no women. The room did not appear as if it had been cleaned since the building was erected.

Mary Hurley holds forth in No. 378 Water Street, and is well patronized by tramps and other suspicious persons. In one room were seventeen beds, covered with noxious vermin, and set close to each other. From one to four persons occupied the beds, according to the demand. Some of the inmates were stupidly drunk, others maniacally. Men and women, ill-clad and faint with hunger, and several children, babes of a few months, were huddled together, breathing the awful air, and longing for sleep.

Donovan's Lane was full of these pest-holes. The first house, on the left of the Pearl Street entrance, had two floors, each crowded with rickety beds. Each floor was a room by itself, about 15 x 12 feet in area. The occupants were mostly women, and they made night hideous with their brawls. Further along, and skirting the narrow lane, with its sluggish stream of putrid water in the centre, is another tenement that a fire would destroy in a few minutes. Beyond this, and on the right, is the Chinese tenement, alive with rats, vermin, and opium-smokers.

Park and Mulberry Streets are crowded with shanties that would have been vacated long ago, had not political influence interfered.

Passing further up town, and striking Marion and Crosby Streets, in the neighborhood of Columbia Hall are tempting nests, not only for disease, but for fire to light. All the Italian houses are densely crowded, several families occupying one small apartment. Every nook of the many buildings visited was full of dirt. Refuse collected beneath staircases, or found its way into the fire-places, or out of the window into the backyard. Immense bags of paper and rags, the accumulated pickings of several men for a week, were thrown into corners, where a match would start a fearful fire.

The Board of Health has cleared out the worst haunts in Cherry, Canal and other streets within the past few days; and if they can be kept closed, some check may thus be given to epidemics.

## EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE new discoveries in Egypt will add plausibility to Wendell Phillips's lecture on the Lost Arts. It now appears that the smelting of iron was carried on in Egypt from the very earliest period. Charles Vincent, in an English scientific journal, sets forth some new facts in reference to this subject. "In the sepulchres of Thebes may be found delineations of butchers sharpening their knives on round bars of iron attached to their aprons. The blades of their knives are painted blue, which fact proves that they were of steel, for in the tomb of Rameses III. this color is used to indicate steel, bronze being represented by red. An English gentleman has recently discovered near the wells of Moses, by the Red Sea, the remains of ironworks so vast that they must have employed thousands of workmen. Near the works are to be found the ruins of a temple and of a barrack for the soldiers protecting or keeping in order the workmen. These works are supposed to be at least three thousand years old.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### NEW ENGLAND.

**MAINE.**—The soldiers' monument at Presque Isle will be dedicated on the Fourth.

More than 1,000 Swedes have settled in Maine during the past three years, and all of them are now prosperous farmers.

The State Democratic Convention assembles in Portland in August.

The Hon. Sidney Perham has been elected President of the Board of Trustees of the State Normal Schools. The Eastern State Normal School at Castine was recently dedicated.

The Fish Commissioners are stocking the headwaters of the Penobscot and other streams in that locality with young salmon.

Commencement at Bowdoin College occurs July 9th. Professor Daniel R. Goodwin will address the Alumni on the 8th.

**VERMONT.**—The Summit House on Mount Mansfield is now open, and the roads from Stowe up are free from snow, are safe, and in excellent condition.

The remains of Bishop Hopkins, the first Episcopal bishop of the State, have been removed from Burlington to the new cemetery at Rocky Point, where a fine monument has been erected.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—The immense aquarium sent from Charlestown, with \$30,000 worth of propagating fish for the Pacific Slope, was lost in a railroad accident near Omaha.

The Agricultural College at Amherst has a night-blooming cereus in blossom, and rejoices thereat.

The Amoskeag Company at Manchester is about to erect a large number of tenement houses on their lands, on the west side of the Merrimack River, opposite their mills, for the accommodation of their operatives.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—Messrs. McAllister, of the Boston Club, and O'Farrell, of the Hartford Club, are playing a match of chess by correspondence.

Leuel D. Holmes, for many years custodian of Pilgrim Hall, at Plymouth, is dead.

Lowell is to have several public bathing-houses.

The Common Council of Boston wants to reorganize the Fire Department.

The new organ for Amherst College is being put up. It is a very fine one, costing nearly \$5,000. The money was given and raised by Mr. Betts, of Brooklyn, who has a son in the present Freshman Class.

It is said that a new secret anti-prohibition political society is being rapidly organized throughout the State. The object is to secure the election of officers opposed to prohibitory laws, and also to all special legislation for railroads and speculative monopolies.

Foxboro makes and ships two car-loads of straw hats every day except Sunday.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached to the graduates of Tufts' College, at Somerville, on the 15th, by President Miner.

The Rev. Dr. Peabody preached the sermon to the graduating class of Harvard, in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, on the 15th.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—A convention of Friends is in session at Newport, and a general committee is discussing quietly the Indian question.

**CONNECTICUT.**—Seventeen factories in East Killingly have stopped work, owing to the prevalence of smallpox.

The Yale College oarsmen have adopted the English stroke.

### THE MIDDLE STATES.

**NEW YORK.**—The Auburn Theological Seminary has accepted Colonel Morgan's offer of \$500,000, and will transfer itself to Aurora, unless the citizens of Auburn raise \$225,000 within sixty days.

The United States Arsenal at Rome has been sold for \$21,000, and will be made a knitting factory.

President McCosh, of Princeton College, will present a paper on "Upper Schools," at the meeting of the National Educational Association, in August.

The first barrel of flour from wheat grown in 1873 was received in New York, May 28th. The grain was cut and ground in Augusta, Ga., May 25th, and was branded, "Pride of Augusta."

The sixty-first commencement of Hamilton College, at Clinton, occurred on the 22d. Sermon by President Brown; address by the Rev. Mr. Gulliver.

Susan B. Anthony was sentenced at Albany on the 19th to pay a fine of \$100 and costs of prosecution, for having voted at the November election. Case appealed.

**NEW YORK CITY.**—Mme. Pauline Lucca has secured a divorce from the Baron von Rhode. A settlement of Alsatians to be located near the city, will be known as New Strasbourg.

The revision of public school salaries will save \$40,000 per annum unjustly.

The First District Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was opened on the 16th, by Bishop James, in St. Luke's.

A monster hotel is to be erected on Fifth Avenue, opposite the Cathedral.

Commissioner Van Nort's estimate of expenses for public work this year shows a reduction of \$800,000.

Mayor's nominations for Police Justices received by Board of Aldermen on the 19th.

The Bill for establishment of Industrial Exhibition in the city signed by Governor Dix on the 19th.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—The Pittsburgh City Council recently took the initiatory step toward establishing a Mechanical Institute and Exposition.

Five hundred thousand dollars is the amount paid by the Government for the site of the new Post Office in Philadelphia.

### THE SOUTH.

**MARYLAND.**—Baltimore is to have a new city college.

**VIRGINIA.**—The 98th commencement of the Hampden-Sidney College, at Farmville, was rendered memorable by the address of General Roger A. Pryor.

The condition of the Episcopal diocese of Virginia is eminently encouraging, there being 12,000 communicants and nearly 40 candidates for orders, and an increase of \$40,000 in contributions.

**KENTUCKY.**—Governor Leslie has tendered the appointment of State Geologist of that State to Professor S. S. Shaler, of Harvard University.

A movement is on foot to construct a canal from Greenville to Green River, in order to give the former a direct water communication with Louisville, Cincinnati, and all other points on the Ohio River.

**LOUISIANA.**—The amount of New Orleans city taxes due and uncollected, April 30th, 1873, was \$2,068,085.55; collected in May, \$57,929.75; due and uncollected, \$2,910,555.80.

**TEXAS.**—Coal has been discovered near Tehuacana Hills.

**ARKANSAS.**—The Court House of Green County, with all the records, was burned on the 12th.

**GEORGIA.**—Statistics show Georgia to be the leading Southern Baptist State, both in respect to contributions and numbers, one in every eight of the population, it is said, being a Baptist.

**TENNESSEE.**—There were 33 deaths in Memphis on the 19th, the majority being colored, by cholera. Twenty negroes and four whites died of cholera at Nashville on the 19th.

### THE WEST.

**OHIO.**—The Miami University at Oxford is to be closed, from lack of funds.

An excursion from some part of the State arrives at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton every day.

The July races at Columbus promise to be well patronized.

Dayton is enforcing the Gambling Act.

**INDIANA.**—Four gentlemen of Indianapolis have offered the city fifteen acres of land for a public park, provided it adds other adjoining ground.

Mrs. Nancy Closs is undergoing her fifth trial at Indianapolis for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Young in 1868. The Press Association sought felicity in Wyandotte Cave last week.

The State University, at Bloomington, has twenty-five professors, and an annual income of \$40,500.

**ILLINOIS.**—A Springfielder has received a patent for making ropes from Indian mallow weeds, that are plentiful in the State.

Coal of an excellent quality, and in immense quantities, has just been discovered in Highland Township, Vermilion County.

**IOWA.**—Mount Pleasant is a delightful place for the matrimonially inclined, eighty-one weddings having occurred in one week.

Iowa has 3,500 libraries, with 673,000 volumes.

Women members of the Congregational churches of Iowa propose to raise an endowment of \$20,000 for the female department of Iowa College by contributing each one cent a day for the next five years.

**MINNESOTA.**—Glenwood has planted sufficient silver maple seed to grow 10,000 trees.

The Roman Catholics celebrated June 5th as a special holiday. It is called Grasshopper's Day, and is commemorative of the banishment of that lively affliction June 5th, 1858, effected in accordance with the prayers of the righteous.

**COLORADO.**—Work has been commenced on the big tunnel through the Rocky Mountains, commencing at Black Hawk.

The Chief Signal Officer has under consideration the establishment of a signal station on the summit of Pike's Peak, during the present Summer. This station will be more than a mile and a half higher than Mount Washington.

**WISCONSIN.**—The brewers of Milwaukee employ 20,000 men.

The flour product of Milwaukee last year was 560,206 barrels.

The Menomonee Indians have a very fine grist-mill located on their reservation, near Keshena.

A gold discovery is announced near Omro, and the metal said to be very abundant about sixty feet down.

**MONTANA.**—An exchange gravely asserts that the servant-girls of Helena have struck for sixty dollars a month, two silk dresses, and the privilege of the parlor every Sunday.

**MISSOURI.**—According to Professor Waterhouse, the mountains of the State contain iron enough to yield a million of tons per annum of that precious metal for a period of two centuries.

**NEVADA.**—There is no doubt of rich mineral discoveries having been made in the Cherry Creek District.

Cotton is being very successfully cultivated in the Muddy Valley.

### THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

**CALIFORNIA.**—San Francisco forbids the use of fireworks on any day.

**OREGON.**—Indians at Siletz Reservation are putting in large crops.

It is thought the Scandinavian emigration will be larger this year than ever.

The authorities at Wasco County have sent some rifles out to Rock Creek, in that county, to arm the settlers.

Placer diggings have been discovered in the Cascade range, east of Oakland. The mines are located on Steamboat and Blue Creeks, tributaries of the North Umpqua.

Mrs. A. J. Dunnaway announces herself, in a card, as candidate for the position of Mayor of Portland.

The State University building at Eugene City is nearly completed.

### FOREIGN.

**RUSSIA.**—The recent expulsion of Jews from Kiev is connected with an intention of the Russian Government to make Kiev one of the capitals of the Empire.

**ENGLAND.**—Mr. Bessemer intends to found a gold medal to be given annually to any member of the British Iron and Steel Institute who may have displayed literary capacity or promoted the progress of metallurgical science by original research.

Steps are taken to have an exhibition of leather at Northampton, the principal place where the boot and shoe trade of England is carried on. American machinery will form part of the display.

Admiral Cumming has been ordered to visit Zanzibar with a strong fleet, and await instructions.

A pair of white-necked cranes from Japan have been brought to London for the Zoological Society.

It is very generally reported in Exeter that the Marquis of Lorne is in treaty with the Earl of Devon for Powderham Castle as a residence.

Sir Gilbert Scott has been asked to report on some steps toward insuring the continued stability of the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey.

There will be a council of Catholic bishops of England in July. The leading subjects for consideration will be primary schools, and uniformity of religious instruction.

The Earl of Morley will be attached to the suite of the Shah of Persia during his Majesty's visit to England, as representing the Queen's Government.

The Shah's visit to England will entail a cost of over £45,000 on Queen Victoria's privy purse.

Great efforts are being made to secure the immediate organization of Roman Catholic voters in England.

**JAPAN.**—A movement is on foot to secure a postal treaty between Japan and the United States.

News has reached Paris from Japan that the 1,938 native Christians who some three years since were removed from their villages in the vicinity of Nagasaki to the extreme points of the Empire, have been unconditionally authorized to return to their homes.

**GERMANY.**—A treaty of alliance is said to have been concluded between Germany and Italy.

The diminution of theological students in Germany has begun to attract serious attention.

Steam, as a fire extinguisher, is taking the place of water in Germany.

The towers of the Cathedral of Cologne have reached the height of 230 feet. Six years more are required for terminating the work.

Parliament has passed a law voting twelve millions of thalers for the transformation and arming of the Rhine and other German fortresses.

**ITALY.**—The Roman Senate has passed the Bill for the suppression of religious societies.

**CHILE.**—Several shocks of earthquake have frightened the people of Valparaiso and the Southern parts of Chile.

**SPAIN.**—Señor Castelar proposes to the Cortes a division of Spain and her colonies into seventeen federal states.

A special commission is to be appointed by the Spanish Cortes to draft a federal constitution.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE BOARD OF HEALTH AT WORK CLEARING OUT FILTHY CELLARS OF TENEMENT-HOUSES IN CHERRY STREET.—SEE PAGE 271.

## THE LATE HORACE F. CLARK.

HON. HORACE F. CLARK was born in Southbury, Conn., November 20th, 1815, and died in New York City on Thursday evening, June 19th, being in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His father, Daniel A. Clark, was a clergyman of distinction in the Presbyterian Church. Horace pursued his academic studies at the Mount Pleasant Classical Institute, at Amherst, Mass., and graduated from Williams College in 1833, when he was but seventeen years of age.

Having evinced a strong disposition to engage in the study of law, he removed to New York City, and entered the office of the late Jonathan P. Hall, a man of eminence in the legal profession. Four years later he was admitted to the Bar, and in a few years he had attained a very extensive practice. From his wonderful habits of perseverance and deep study, no less than his remarkable eloquence, he appeared destined to attain the highest prominence in his profession. His pleadings were concise, graphic, and illustrative of the greatest candor. In his demeanor at the Bar there appeared a

revival of the good old style of legal procedure, and he never failed to impress a jury with the elementary fidelity of his convictions.

In 1848 he married a daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, and continued in the honorable practice of his profession until 1856, when he was elected, as a Democrat, to the Thirty-fifth Congress. His early career in the House was marked by an affiliation with Stephen A. Douglas on the Kansas question, which was equivalent to a hearty opposition to the views of Buchanan. His services were so far appreciated by his constituency, that they elected him chairman of the Democratic organization in New York. Credited with great honesty of purpose, clear discrimination and commanding eloquence, he was urged to accept an independent nomination for the Thirty-sixth Congress, to which he was elected by a very flattering majority. With this body he served until the close of President Buchanan's Administration, in 1861. During his first Congressional term he served as a member of the Judiciary Committee, and in the second was on the Committee on Indian Affairs.

Returning to New York, he re-commenced practicing law, but his attention being earnestly directed to railroad matters, he became a Director in the New York and New Haven Railroad. His greatest work was performed after he took that step. He became peculiarly interested in a number of railroads, and his remarkable executive abilities placed him in commanding positions in each.

For sixteen years previous to his decease he was President of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company. In addition to the roads above mentioned, he was identified in an active capacity with the Union Pacific, New York Central and Hudson River, New York and Harlem, New Haven, Hartford and Springfield, the Shore Line, and the Chicago and Northwestern Railroads.

He was also President of the Union Trust Company of New York, and a manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

It would seem that the cares of so many distinct interests would have satisfied the demands of the most nervous and active disposition. But Mr. Clark was a gentleman of extraordinary brain and vitality, and was constantly seeking excit-

ing fields of labor. Wall Street proved attractive to him, and he was known as a heavy operator in stocks, particularly those affecting railroads.

It was supposed that his political work was ended when he left his Congressional seat, but when the reform wave began to throw up the details of the municipal swindles he once more came to the surface, and exerted a strong influence in the endeavor to bring the city from its chaotic state. Few men will be more greatly missed in the city than he.

## THE LATE JOHN A. KENNEDY.

JOHN A. KENNEDY, formerly Superintendent of Police, and recently a Collector of Assessments, died of heart-disease, in New York City, on Friday, June 20th. Few who saw him would have believed that the lively man who daily crossed the Park was nearly seventy years of age. He was a Baltimorean by birth, and he was Irish by descent. In early life, in New York, he was a merchant in painters' supplies, and the politicians who did not like him used to speak of him as the "putty-maker."

He early became a Tammany politician from the Fifth Ward. In 1849 he was made a Commissioner of Emigration, and was the fear of the emigrant agents. He was known as a hard-headed man, who had his own way. In 1854 he was a Free Soil member of the Common Council, and afterward became Superintendent of Castle Garden. Here he was known for his energy. In 1858 he was a County Supervisor; and in 1860 he was made Superintendent of Police. In this position he showed strong qualities. He was plucky, he was severe, he was a tyrant. No one loved him, but every one knew that he was thorough and energetic. In the Draft Riots he was nearly killed by the mob, and he never fully recovered from the effects of his beating. For a long time he could not resume his duties. Afterward the duties of Provost Marshal were added to those of the local police.

He was a strong enemy of the liquor dealers under the excise law, and made many enemies. He frequently jarred with the political police justices, and was very arbitrary in his interpretations of the laws. He was in favor of

Mayor Hall's course in the matter of the Orange parade two years ago, and he was angry with the mob. He was really a narrow, strong, persistent, half-great man. He had many of the qualities which distinguished Secretary Stanton, and whenever he conceived that he was right he never surrendered his purpose. He had gone out of office before that time, when the new police law went into operation in 1870.

Mr. Kennedy was a member of the Union League, and of Gettys Lodge No. 11, F. and A. M., and was an Odd Fellow of note. He was initiated in Gratitude Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F., of Maryland, on February 18th, 1831. He was subsequently Grand Master of the State of New York, and Grand Sire of the United States; was a member of the Grand Lodge of the United States for over thirty years, and was chairman of a convention which, through his exertions, revised the mode of procedure in Odd Fellowship.

At the time of his death he was President of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association, and of the Odd Fellows' Asylum, and was a member of Mantou Lodge, F. and A. M.



THE LATE HON. HORACE F. CLARK, LAWYER, EX-CONGRESSMAN, AND RAILWAY FINANCIER.—FROM A PHOTO. BY GURNEY.



THE LATE JOHN A. KENNEDY, EX-SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, AND PROMINENT FREE MASON AND ODD FELLOW.—FROM A PHOTO. BY E. W. BOGARDUS.





THE SOUTH.—THE WATERMELON SEASON—A SCENE ON THE SAVANNAH DOCKS. See Page 274.



## THE WATERMELON SEASON IN THE SOUTH.

A SCENE ON THE SAVANNAH DOCKS.

THE season for watermelons in the South is now opened, and it is welcomed by the thirsty Georgia and Carolina darkey with as great joy as an opera-goer in New York welcomes the season of song, or an inhabitant of Illinois the season of wild plums. When the coasting vessels arrive at the Savannah docks, the negroes crowd toward them with a half-dime or so apiece, and, grasping the green "berries," sit down on the shady sides of cotton bales, or, shade failing, on the tops of the bales, and, with blunted knives, have a feast. Generally they help to unload the melons, and receive the broken ones for toll. When the season is at its full, wagon-loads of the melons are at early morning peddled through the streets to the verbose darkey-cry of, "Here's yer nice, fine watermellings goin' by ye!" And we remember to have heard the mocking-bird disturbed in his morning song by the still more lengthy descriptive shout of, "Here's yer own nice, beautiful, fine watermellings goin' right roun' corner up yer house, by ye!"

In connection with this subject, it is worthy of remark that the Southern melon received at New York seldom satisfies the Northern appetite. It tastes flat, as do also the peaches of the hotter clime. One requires to be acclimated in the region of the fruit he eats, thoroughly to enjoy it. To a Southerner, the peach or melon of the North is cold and tasteless.

### FUN-OGRAPHY.

Mrs. PARTINGTON says she never had the smallpox, not she. She was inoculated years ago by an oculist.

TEACHER—"John, you young scapegrace, come here, and I'll pay you back for your impudence to me yesterday." Pupil—"No, thank you; I have conscientious scruples against taking back-pay of that sort."

SYMPTOMS.—Patient: "Doctor, whenever I shake my head, my brain hurts." Doctor: "Then don't shake your head; you needn't do it, need you?" Patient: "How, then, am I to find out whether my brain hurts me or not?"

A DANBURY (Conn.) lady was so frightened at a spider, that she kicked her husband down stairs. The next time his wife gets frightened at a spider, he is going to make it a point to be at the foot of the stairs—or else get scared at the spider before his wife does.

TRUMPH OF DEFENSE.—Accquitted Culprit (to lawyer who has pleaded his cause, and proven that a watch in his possession was not stolen): "Thanks! Much obliged, sir, for provin' that this 'ere watch is mine. It used to be yourn; but I guess I can keep it now, can't I?"

SUBJOINED ARE A FEW DANBURY NEWSLINGS.

The price of a menagerie is now reduced to \$50.00. This will be good news to the poor.

A Danbury bride received among her wedding presents a receipted bill of eight dollars for gate-fines, from her father.

The school visitors, Messrs. Pond and Hodge, were at the South Centre School the other day, examining scholars for the high school. Mr. Pond, who is a remarkably grave and serious-looking person, had charge of the grammar branch, and gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip, thus marked: "Incorrect; the lamp-post is omitted."

The use of tobacco is a disgusting habit. It weakens the frame, benumbs the faculties, and, what is far worse, keeps up the price.

When you see a dead man in the road with long hair, no underclothing, and his boots run over at the heel, you may be quite confident it is a newspaper man, murdered for his money.

When a young lady gets a letter, she carries it in her hand, but a couple of pounds of sausage she manages to squeeze into her pocket.

### Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve. So swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Ross & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 922-47

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A SPLIT IN THE SCHOOL.  
JACK HARKAWAY AT OXFORD  
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CAST ADRIFT! CAST ADRIFT!  
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THE MODERN WONDER.—Experienced people are found wondering how so perfect a sewing machine as the New Wilson Underfeed can be made so perfect in every part, so thoroughly adapted to the requirements of family sewing, and yet be sold for twenty dollars less than any other first-class machine. The reason is easy and plain. First, because the Wilson Company is content with a fair profit, and do not belong to any combination whose object is to keep up the price of sewing machines; and, secondly, because the most perfect machinery is used in its construction. The splendid establishment of the Company is the best evidence that this policy has been a success. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.

THE Imitation Gold Watches, Chains and Jewelry, which are to be seen at the Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, are being used more and more as they become better known. They have now been manufacturing them for about seven years, and those who do not care to pay the high prices for costly articles in this line, will do well to examine them. They have all of the latest style of goods, at about one-tenth the cost of gold. They wear well and look well, and answer every purpose. Those persons at a distance can have them sent to them by Express, with bill to collect on delivery. Prices of Watches, \$15, \$20 and \$25 each.

Mr. A. A. MARKS, of 575 Broadway, has perfected a piece of mechanism which supplies the loss of a limb with such success, that it is scarcely possible to detect the passenger who wears an artificial limb from him who has escaped being maimed. For the past seven years Mr. Marks has been the recipient of the first premium awarded by the American Institute, a sufficient evidence of its perfect success. All who are in want of an artificial limb should send to Mr. Marks for his admirable pamphlet, which is sent free to all who apply for it.

THE NEW COLONNADE HOTEL, Philadelphia, Pa., is connected by street cars with the Camden Ferries.

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SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, cor. Crosby Street, offers now a complete assortment of Spring clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway misfits, etc., 40 per cent. less than original cost. No trouble to show goods. If

WHO wants a HAT? Go to DOUGAN, Manufacturer and Importer of GENTS' HATS, 102 Nassau, cor. of Ann Street. 916-23

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Prizes reduced; circulars sent and information given. We sold the \$500,000 prize in the drawing of April 24.  
J. B. MARTINEZ & CO., Bankers,  
10 Wall Street, Post Office box 4635, New York.

IF you want a stylish fitting SUIT OF CLOTHES, go to FLINN, 35 JOHN STREET, New York (late with Freeman & Burr). 925-17

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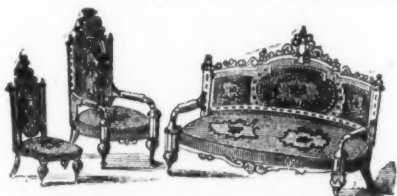
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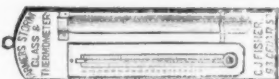
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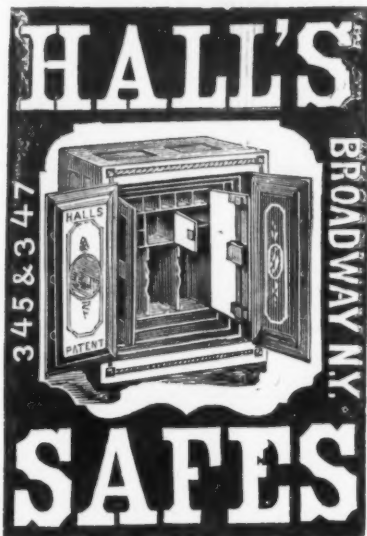
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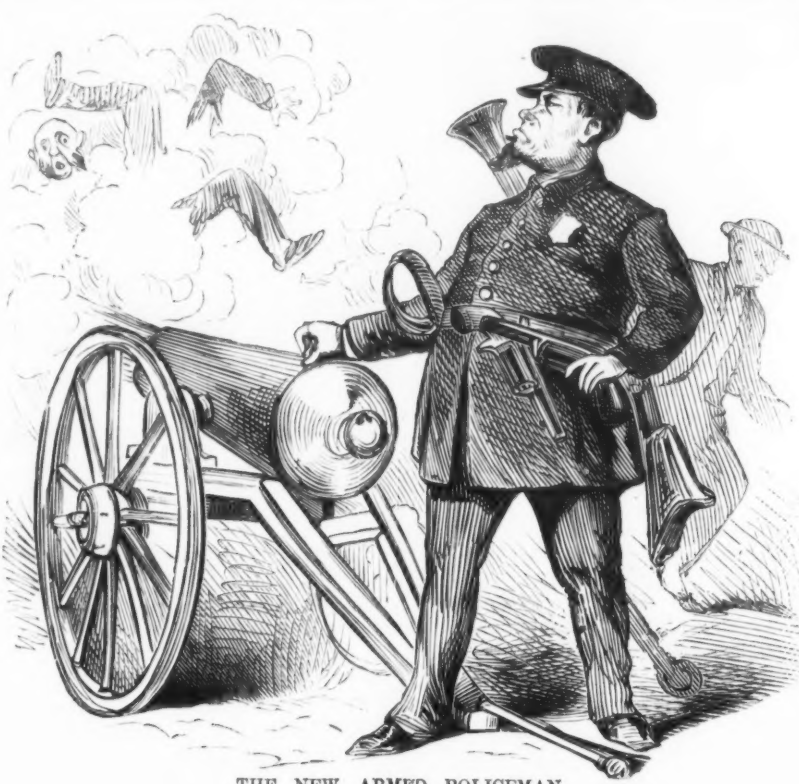
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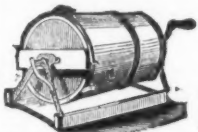
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